THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

The Pilgrim from the sainted lands,
Recounting scenes that met him there,
Tells us the Prophet's coffin stands
Suspended in the middle air,
As doubting whether most of earth,
Or Heaven, was in its bounds confined,
The body claiming mightiest worth,
That such a lofty soul enshrined.

Thus, nicely balanced in my mind,
Thy faults against thy virtues weigh;
Those, speak thee weaker than thy kind,
These, lift thee higher than mortal clay.
I lingering pause to see the shade,
Or happier sunshine flow above you,
Wishing to stay, to turn afraid,
Nor knowing if to hate or love you!

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XVI.

Marivaux.—When he was extremely ill, Fontenelle called upon him, and having reason to suppose that he who never laid by any money, might be in want of it in such an exigency, offered him his purse. "Perhaps," said he, "more may be convenient than you have by you; friends should never wait to be solicited; here is a purse with a hundred louis d'ors, which you must permit me to leave at your disposal." "I consider them," said Marivaux, "as received and used: permit me now to return them with the gratitude such a favor ought to excite."

Travelling in Holland.—The Dutch are as punctual as they are industrious and frugal. The diligences and *treckschuyts* (passage-boats) start at the time appointed, during the striking of the clock. If you are told that the hour is seven, you may be sure to be away before the fourth of the seven strokes has sounded. The precision at which the hour of arrival is fixed, is such that you may depend upon it within a very few minutes; and the same reliance may be placed on the period of finishing the journey, whether it be made by land or water.—*Jacob's "View of Agriculture, &c. in Holland."*

French Paper.—On the outside of the coach there happened to be two paper-makers from Northumberland, with whom I entered into conversation on the subject of their trade. I enquired how it happened that the English, who surpassed other countries in almost every branch of manufacture, should be unable to produce good paper, and be obliged to import from France all that they used for copper-plate engravings. "We have not the same kind of rags as the French," replied one of the manufacturers, after a pause, while the other took no notice of my question. "How," said I, "is there any difference between the English and French rags?" "Certainly," replied he, "and a very considerable difference. Recollect that a French gentleman wears a shirt for a whole week, and consequently French rags produce a smoother and more glutinous kind of paper!"—*"Journey to Scotland."*

Genius.—True originality lies not in the mechanical invention of incident and circumstance—but in creating new matter for thought and feeling; in exploring the untried depths of the heart; in multiplying the sources of sympathy. Whoever excites a new emotion; whoever strikes a cord in the world's heart never struck before; he is the only inventor, the only sterling original. It is in this sense that we style Shakspeare—for all his plots, and the groundwork of the majority of his characters, are borrowed—a creator; in this sense also we give Wordsworth, and Scott, and Hazlitt, among the moderns, credit for the same high attribute. To invent is to look into oneself, to draw from one's own heart materials for sympathy.—*Review "Life and Times of Defoe."*

King Charles in the Oak.—He wore a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brim turned up, without lining or hat-band; a green cloth coat, thread-bare, even to the threads being worn white; and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter, with a leathern doublet; a pair of white flannel stockings, which the king said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discerned, and upon them an old pair of green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; his shoes were old, all slashed for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands; he had no gloves, but a long thorn stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands colored; his majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Huddlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick."—*Extract from a Note to the King's own Narrative.*

Joanna Baillie, 1826.—There is something exceedingly striking in her appearance. Though she is no longer young, and her features have lost the glow and freshness of youth, the rays of beauty still linger about her countenance, and over its expression the tyrant has had no power. Her face is decidedly tragic—not altogether unlike that of Mrs. Siddons—and capable of pourtraying the strongest and deepest emotion. Her air is lofty and reserved, and if there be a dash of hauteur in her manner, amounting, at times, almost to sternness, there is, on the other hand, something delightfully winning in the tones of her deep, fine voice. Her eye—I hesitated long before I could decide its hue, and after all, I am not quite certain whether it is a dark blue or a hazel—has a most melancholy expression; though time has not quenched its fire, or bent, in the slightest degree, her erect but attenuated form. She appeared about fifty; thin, pale, and dressed with Quaker-like simplicity. And though some might be inclined to say, she is too conscious of her power, and to quarrel with the precision of her manner, there is much of the majesty of genius about her, and, in person altogether, she is one who, once seen, is not easily to be forgotten.—*Tayler's "Living and the Dead."*

Gilbert Wakefield.—It was a singular physical characteristic that he could never sleep out of his own house, and during his period of the visits to his brother at Richmond, until his return, he never slept.

It was likewise a remarkable trait in the character of so benevolent a man, that he attended all public executions, so as to be noticed as a constant spectator by the persons officially engaged in these exaggerations of justice. He described it as a study of human nature!

Pope.—"Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for Pope, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood; the study of my manhood; perhaps, if allowed to me to attain it, he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom, clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state, as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry: it is honorable to him and the art. Such a poet of a thousand years was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* them—he himself is a literature."—*Letter of Byron.*

Nonnet, the French Barber.—This person was once quite the rage at Bath. He ran from street to street, trying his irons on a paper in his fingers, that he might be ready to pounce on the head of a lady, the moment the door was opened. He came to England to seek his fortune, conscious of possessing that knowledge of the "*sublime art*" he possessed, which ought to insure success among a people whom he fully believed incapable of attaining it, and conscious also that he had no other means of keeping body and soul together than the speedy application of his talents to his necessities. An English lad of eighteen, thrown into a foreign country, with little of its language and none of its cash, unknown to those who might introduce him, and sensible that his outward man was as shabby as his inward man was empty, would either have been driven to despair by his misery, or to crime by his wants; not so M. Nonnet:—"Sare, ven I am here alone, une stranger, in large distress, no money, no fren, I run about vid my tongs, run, run, run, up von street, down anodder,—sometimes I sing, sometimes I swear, mon dieu! but alway I *run*. So at last say de ladies, 'vot busy man is dat yong Frenchman! he is hurry to death,' and then von vill have me, and anoder vill have me. I ask mach, n'importe dey give, and see vot is Nonnet now? Sare! no man vill get his bread, if he say he have no bread." Such was Nonnet's account of himself, when he had a large family, a good establishment, and took the same money for dressing a lady's hair, per week, that her husband paid him for a good lodging house, viz. seven guineas. His profits in the season were immense, but his sight was greatly injured, it was thought, by the use of *marechalle* powder, which was pungent and inflammatory.

Nonnet was most gallantly appropriated to the ladies, for whom he always prescribed certain pins and cushions, which were not less indispensable than the magic touch of his fingers; and the whole expense of preparing a family of females for a ball became a most serious consideration for papas of moderate estates, which were certainly *puffed* away by the girls of that day with more celerity than the dancing, singing, and harp-mastering system we have now. It is true, there was more to show for it; a young woman's head in full curl was a kind of glacier in the world of beauty, covered with diurnal snows, contrasting exquisitely with the rouge on her cheeks below.

Duchess of Mazarine.—She was unhappy in her beauty, in magnificence, and in her feasts: she was blooming and beautiful, but she pleased no one. Her diamonds were superb, but when she wore them, every body said, she looked like a *lustre*. Her suppers were the best in Paris, but they were always laughed at, because there was no finding out what the viands were composed of. Her pride was extreme, and she had the reputation of being avaricious; but she gave the most magnificent *fetes*, and something ridiculous always took place at them. One day, in the course of the winter, she conceived the idea of giving a *fete champetre* at her superb house in Paris, there was a great crowd assembled in a saloon, richly decorated and fitted up with pier-glasses; the greater part of which were fixed in niches that reached from the ceiling to the floor. At the end of this saloon was a cabinet filled with flowers and foliage; and on opening a door a real flock of sheep, well washed, and white as snow, were guarded by a shepherdess (who was an Opera dancer) and exhibited through a transparent screen: while however the company were dancing, the sheep made their escape, and being without either dog or shepherdness, ran tumultuously into the saloon, and dispersing the dancers, rendered this pastoral scene highly amusing.—*Memoires de la Comtesse de Genlis.*

Nicholas Breakspear.—On his advancement to the papal chair he assumed the name of Adrian IV. In the early part of his life, he was under the necessity of submitting to servile offices for his support.—Afterwards he studied in France, where, though he laboured under the pressure of poverty, he made a wonderful progress in learning. One day on an interview with an intimate friend, he told him that all the hardships of his life were nothing in comparison to the papal crown; and, speaking of the difficulties and sorrows he had experienced, he observed, "that he had been, as it were, strained through the alembic of affliction." This great and exemplary man was in such high veneration, that Frederick, King of the Romans, at an interview with him in Italy, condescended to hold his stirrup while he mounted his horse. He was the only Englishman that ever sat in the papal chair.

Spanish Scrutiny de Cheveux.—Let me not omit to notice the offensive, but constant practice of combing and cleaning the hair in the street. In most of the less frequented streets, persons are seen at every second or third door intent upon this employment, and sometimes the occupation includes a scrutiny, the nature of which the reader may be contented to guess; and even in the most frequented streets, if two women be seated at fruit-stalls, near each other, one is generally engaged in combing, assorting, and occasionally scrutinizing the hair of the other. Sights like these neutralize, in some degree, the enjoyment which a stranger might otherwise find in the delicious flavour of Muscatel Grapes.—*"Inglis's Spain in 1830."*

Elopement.—About half past five o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, a chaise and four drove up to the Green Man posting-house, Barnet, at a desperate rate. Inside was a young lady of 18 or 19 years of age, attended by her lady's maid, and accompanied by a gay Lothario, by far her senior in years, who was recognized by some of Mr. Newman's establishment as a half-pay officer in the army. To the inquiry of "Horses on, sir?" he answered, "We must get you to tell us the way; we are off to Gretna Green." They received the necessary information, and in a few minutes were again off at full speed, proceeding across Hadley-common at a rate of not less than 16 or 18 miles an hour. From the postboys who drove the couple to Barnet nothing more was learnt than the fact of their coming to Mr. Newman's yard, in Regent street, and ordering a chaise and four to Barnet with all possible celerity. Between ten and eleven o'clock at night the lady was pursued by her father and brother, attended by a Bow-street officer, who came posting through Barnet at the same killing pace. The young lady was then stated to be an only daughter, and the possessor of considerable property on her coming of age. The runaways passed the Leeds coach at Stamford at five o'clock on Friday morning, and her father was then three stages behind.—*County Press.*

A Tearful Disappointment.—About half past one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday last, a chaise, drawn by a pair of horses, and containing two ladies and a gentleman, an officer in the army, arrived at the Old Angel Inn, Doncaster, on a matrimonial trip from London to Gretna. Before leaving the chaise, a carriage and four, the occupants of which were the father of the fair runaway, and a police officer from London, drove into the yard. The father immediately caught his daughter in his arms, exclaiming, "this is my child." The gallant soldier, taking off his hat, immediately observed that he knew him not; and stated further, in proof of his honorable intentions, that he had brought another lady from town as a companion to his daughter. After some altercation, the young lady, who is about eighteen years of age, was conducted by her father into a private room. The captain demanded admittance, which was refused by the police officer. A struggle ensued, and the gallant soldier proved the victor. The lady was afterwards conducted to her father's carriage, "like Niobe, all tears;" and after contriving to give, probably a ring, to her lover, they drove off on their return to town; and the disappointed soldier, seeing that "the course of true love never did run smooth," expressed his determination to follow, which he immediately carried into effect. We understand that another couple on the same errand, but under more auspicious circumstances, passed thro' the town to Gretna on the following morning.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

The Scottish Chime.—There is a set of music bells in the steeple of St. John's Church, Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened, one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis the striking scripture metaphor, "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," that the music bells, much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, "Corn rigs are bonny," to the infinite edification, and no less amusement, of the audience.—*Scotch paper.*

New meaning of the word Remonstrate.—A worthy farmer in the north of England was once waited upon by a tax-gatherer, who claimed taxes which had been already paid. The receipt had been mislaid, and the farmer could not on the instant produce it. The man of taxes became very abusive; and the farmer, in his own phrase, remonstrated with him. "Well, and to what effect did you remonstrate with him?" asked a friend, who heard the story from the farmer's own mouth. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I know the poker was bent, and I had to get a hammer to straiten it again."—*Chambers' Scottish Jests.*

A nobleman more remarkable for his bulk than symmetry, was pleased the other night at the Opera to point out a celebrated *chef de cuisine* to the notice of another fashionable Peer; when they addressed a few ironical compliments to the Napoleon of the sawpan. "They say you can make a wild duck out of a pair of old boots, and toss up a sauce with which one might swallow one's grandmother. I wonder what you would make of *me*?" "*Ma foi, milor,*" cried the irate cook; "I should like to give your Lordship von good dressing. You make a famous *boeuf a la mode.*"

A neat Repartee.—"Pray, sir," said a young lady to the keeper of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is?*" "No, madam," replied the other, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning—"but we have *Woman as she should be.*"

MISCELLANY.

BIRTH SONG.

Mr. Bulwer's Monthly for March contains some fine verses under the titles of the Birth Song and the Dirge of Death; which we subjoin.

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

Hail, new waked atom of the Eternal Whole,
Young voyager upon Time's rapid river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and forever!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth,
From nothingness, the earth;
Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea,
Who gave the stars to gem
Night like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee!
Young creature of the earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Hail, all hail!

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll;
The solid Earth dissolve; the Sun grow pale;
But thou, oh Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal. Hail!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being
Oh young immortal, hail!
He before whom are dim
Seraph and Cherubim;
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Oh blessed child, made thee!
Fair creature of the earth,
Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth,
Hail, all hail! M. H.

DIRGE OF DEATH.

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Shrink not, oh Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!
Look up—look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'Tis nearly done,
Life's work is nearly done,
Watching and weariness and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang and it is o'er,
Then farewell life!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!
Kind friends, 'tis nearly past,
Come, come and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And that last blessing hear,—
See how he loved you, who departeth now!
And, with the trembling step, and pallid brow,
Oh most beloved one
Whose breast he leant upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
And take his latest breath!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Hail, disenthralled spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod!
Oh, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face,
And bow before thy God!

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'Tis done—'tis done!
Life's weary work is done!
Now the glad spirit leaves the clay,
And treads with winged ease
The bright acclivities
Of Heaven's crystalline way!
Joy to thee, Blessed One!
Lift up, lift up thine eyes,
Yonder is Paradise!
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of the land;
And these, that throng to meet thee, are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
Bright spirit, thou art blest,
This city's name is Rest!
Here sin and sorrow cease,
And thou hast won its peace,
Joy to thee, Blessed One! M. H.

THE COFFIN-MAKER.

(Concluded.)

How often have I been interrupted when about to nail down a coffin, by the agonized entreatics of some wretch to whom the discolored clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened lid seemed only closed in slumber! How often have I said, 'Surely *that* heart will break with its woe" and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled, *because the dead were covered from their sight;* and that which is present to a man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than the dreams of his imagination or memory. How often, too, have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scantily dealt out a portion of their superfluity, to obtain the last rites for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked amongst them! and I have felt, even then, that there were those to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of Heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy joyless being I am at length become. There is one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments, and begged me to use despatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—'for indeed,' said she, 'I have watched my living son with a sorrow that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his bloodshot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called, that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessing of the widow lie on you forever!' To this strange prayer, I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her; and with slow creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched-looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain, pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth, (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The whitewashed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney-vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, 'He has seen better days,' never so forcibly occurred to me as at that moment. He *had* seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal. The wine-cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year, and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! I looked at the flock bed, and felt my heart grow sick within me. The corpse of a man, apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the eyelids were deep sunken, and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid; but his figure, and the thick curls of dark hair, bespoke early youth. I judged him at most, to be two-and-twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room, cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse, stiff and unconscious; there sat the son, in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There pale and tearless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection! How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathing of his parted lips! I had scarcely reached the landing-place, before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest my progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. 'How soon will your work be done?' said she, in a suffocated voice. 'To-morrow I could be here again,' answered I. 'To-morrow! and what am I to do, if my boy wakes before that time?' and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. 'He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me" and with the last words she clasped her hands convulsively, and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavement almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. 'Yes! that would do,' exclaimed she; 'that would do, if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is, even a little while:—what will become of me!' I offered to procure the medicine for her, and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him, who had *not* witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin, and the dim grey light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often, during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man, buried in slumber, on his father's death bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day, froze my blood. I had just completed my work, and the afternoon was far advanced, when the loud cheerful voice of Henry Richards struck my ear as he bounded up stairs, and flinging open the door of the work-room, invited me to come and spend the rest of the day at his father's, adding, that Sarah promised to come too, if I would be there to see her home. I turned away from him with a peevish sigh, and pointing to my work replied, that I was obliged to finish and carry it home in an hour. 'I should have thought,' said he, 'that the people you worked for were less likely to be inconvenienced by delay than any I know, being past all feeling for themselves.' At any other time, or in any other situation, I might, perhaps, have thought less of this speech; but in the mood in which I then was, it struck me as arising, not from thoughtlessness, but from the most brutal and unfeeling levity. 'Richards, said I, striking the coffin with my hammer, 'God only can tell how soon one of us may require such a couch as this, instead of resting our heads on our pillows, as we do now.' 'Pshaw!' answeaed the young man, with a half laugh, 'you are really growing quite gloomy, Tom. It is three weeks to-day since you and I, and Sarah have had a walk, or drank tea together; and now, just as she and I have agreed to make a half holiday of it, you make a solemn speech, and refuse to be one of the party. Come, come, lay by your work and listen for an hour or two to her voice, which is as sweet as a blackbird's. Why, the very sight of her smile will do you good—come.' I resisted this pressing invitation, however, and Henry Richards left me to my own reflections. As I passed up one of the streets that led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, I saw my sister Sarah and her young lover a little way before me. I could even hear the sound of her laugh, which was clear and pleasant, and see her pretty face, shaded by her dark hair, when she turned to answer her companion. At every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length, overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placing it in an upright position against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavoring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and pausing for an instant, put a shilling into my hand, saying, 'You look very weary, my poor man; pray get something to drink with that.' A more lovely countenance (if by lovely be meant that which engages love) was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft innocent eyes; the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory too strong to be effaced. *I saw her once again!* I reached the merchant's lodgings, and my knock was answered as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but that it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke, except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of his interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse and lay it in the coffin. The widow's son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupified, during this operation; but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving his teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execrations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken. The wail of a sickly child, who dreads its mother's departure, was the only sound to which I could compare that wretched man's voice. He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. 'Leave him,' exclaimed he, 'leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble—I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee—father I have sinned! Oh! mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me—his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, O God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh '——' The unfinished word resolved itself into a low hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. 'Better so, better so,' she repeated hurriedly; 'it is the mercy of God which has caused this—do you do your duty, and I will do mine,' and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then, and not till then we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy, and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here, in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodgers being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water held to his lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he had received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene.

It was early in the summer of the ensuing year that my heart was gladdened by the intelligence of my sister Sarah's approaching marriage. Henry Richards himself was the bearer of this welcome news. An uncle of his, who had been a master builder and stone-mason, had, in dying, bequeathed to him nearly all the little property he had realised; and this, with his own exertions, Richards assured me would support Sally in comfort. "No more drudgery, no more service for her now," said he, a flush of joy rising on his fine countenance; "she is to leave her place on Monday week, and the Sunday following we are to be married. It shall not be my fault, Collins," continued he, grasping my hand, "if she is not happy." That evening was spent in the company of my sister and her lover, and never were plans for the future laid with so eager in anticipation of complete happiness as those discussed by the young couple. Monday came, and with it came Sally, blushing and smiling, to ask if I would walk with her to the house of Henry's father, where she was to remain till the wedding. The old man greeted her with pride and fondness, and my steps homeward were lighter and quicker than for many months past. Days rolled on; there remained now but *one* to pass before they should be united for ever. I was working with cheerfulness and alacrity on the morning of that day, when a labouring man pushed open the shop door, and calling me by name, said, "You're wanted up at Mr. Richards, sir." "Very well," said I carelessly, resuming my occupation. "Beg pardon, sir," added the man, "you'll be wanted, too, in *the way of business.*" I caught the expression of his eye as he turned and left the threshold, and felt an unaccountable chill at my heart. "The old man is dead!" thought I, and the hammer falling from my hand on the lid of the coffin, sent a hollow sound to my ear, like a dying groan. I reached the house—inquired for my sister—she was shopping with a female friend—I asked for Henry Richards; they flung open the door of the little parlour where we had all spent that evening together. On a shutter, disfigured, bleeding, lifeless, lay the gay-hearted, high-spirited young man, whom another sunrise was to have made my brother! My head swam—I staggered, and fell back senseless. To my inquiries, when I recovered consciousness, they gave short and bitter answers. He had been inspecting an unfinished house, and had fallen from the scaffolding on a heap of bricks and rubbish. No sound escaped his lips; no movement was perceptible when the workmen reached the body, except that a convulsive thrill agitated the limbs. As he fell, so he remained, till they lifted him and carried him to his father. When I was admitted to the old man, his calmness and resignation appeared wonderful: to my broken ejaculation of sympathy he replied, "God's will be done! he was the last of five; the Lord pity the girl who loved him!"

As he spoke the words he wrung me by the hand, and I left him. "God pity her, indeed!" I repeated unconsciously, as I descended the stairs. Before I could leave the house I met her, and as she stood in the narrow doorway, she bent forward, as if to kiss me; smiles played on her lips; love lighted her eyes. I rushed past her into the street; I felt that I could not bear to tell her what she must bear to hear. My master's wife kindly volunteered to go to her and bring her away, if possible. My master himself was ill in bed; I had, therefore, to prepare, with my own hands, the bier of my ill-fated friend. Oh! that dreadful night! How like a dream, and yet how fearfully distinct are its terrors, even to this day! I had made some progress in my labours, when, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a cold pressure on my hand, and I heard the words repeated, "It shall not be my fault if she is not happy." In an instant I started up, and beheld seated opposite to me—Henry Richards! He was frightfully pale, and the unwashed wound on his crushed temple seemed still to bleed. He smiled at me, and pointing to the unfinished coffin said:—"I shall be glad to rest there; see how my wrist is shattered!" I looked, and sickening at the sight, I rose with the intention of rushing from the room. The figure rose too, as if to prevent my departure, and, in a mournful voice, exclaimed:—"Am I already so loathsome to you?' As it spoke, it pressed onwards, and onwards, till it touched me; it sank into a seat by my side, and when I recovered consciousness,

the rich light of a summer's morning beamed on the empty place it had occupied. The wealth of worlds would not have bribed me to touch *that* coffin again; it was in vain I repeated to myself the common arguments against nocturnal terrors; in vain I condemned my own feelings as the result of an excited fancy; I *felt* that he had been there, and a feverish desire possessed me to see the corpse, and convince myself of the truth of the vision by the circumstance of his arm being broken or otherwise. The body had been washed and laid out since my visit on the previous day, and the countenance seemed less disfigured. I gazed on it with silent agony for a few minutes, and then slowly, and with shuddering dread, I lifted his arm; it was swollen and discoloured, and the hand hung nervelessly from it. *The vision was true!*

I was interrupted in some incoherent exclamation by a wild shriek, and, with convulsive sobs, my sister Sarah flung herself on my bosom.

That evening, as we sat together, she pressed me for an explanation of the words I had spoken over the body of Henry Richards. I know not how it was, and I have always attributed it to some strange infatuation, but as the horrors of the night returned to my mind, I forgot all besides, and I described my vision to the shuddering girl, ending with these words:—"Yes, I beheld him as in life, and he pointed to the coffin I was working at—the coffin in which he was to lie." Never shall I forget the expression of my sister Sally's face when I had concluded. She parted her dark hair with a bewildered look, as if she doubted having heard me aright, while with her other hand she grasped my arm. "His coffin—*his?*" gasped she, "Oh! Tom, had you the heart to work at *that?*" Slowly she relaxed her hold, and remained with her eyes rivetted on my hand. I spoke to her, but she did not answer; I addressed her in the endearing terms familiar to her ear in childhood, but it produced no impression. At length her eyelids slightly quivered; her strained eyes grew dim, and she sank in a swoon at my feet.

From that hour, even *to her*—my sister—the pride of my heart—my consolation in the city of strangers—whose laugh had cheered me in the gloomiest hour, the touch of whose lips on my haggard forehead had soothed me into loving life, when all was dark around me—even to *her* my presence became fearful. Strange as it may appear, the manner and suddenness of her lover's death, the fact of its having taken place so soon before the ceremony which was to make them one—all this was nothing in comparison of the horror she felt that *my* hand should have prepared *his* coffin. She shrank from my touch; she averted her eyes from my gaze; she shivered and wept when I spoke to her. I ceased to leave my master's house, except when forced by my calling, and as I mechanically pursued my toil, I felt—how gladly I could die! That master-line of the master-poet, which expresses far, far more of the weariness of misery than pages of lamenting, rose to my lips:—

"Oh! for a good sound sleep, and so—forget it."

It was in the midst of reflections such as these, that one bright thought flashed on my brain, and startled me with a vision of happiness. Violet! *my* Violet! I had not forgotten her; I had treasured her letters next my heart, and her image had gladdened my dreams; but that image was ever in the distance; her presence was a blessing which belonged to the future only. But now, in the extremity of my loneliness, I fancied her by my side; and, after a week of feverish longing to behold again my native village, and *her* innocent countenance, I asked and obtained from my master a term of holiday. I returned; I was again with the friends of my youth; I was again greeted with eager joy; laughing eyes were lifted to mine; my hand lingered in the hearty pressure of those which had given a farewell grasp at my departure; and the companions of my boyhood gathered round me, and disputed the pleasure of conversing with me. I went through the village, and found all as I left it, peaceful, simple, and quiet. Few were the changes which had taken place; the paralytic woman in the house next our own was dead; another rosy child or two played round the open doors of the cottages; a few more graves were scattered in the little churchyard. I paused at the wicket-gate which opened into the nursery-garden belonging to Violet's father; I lifted the latch, and the familiar sound made my heart beat rapidly; I leaned against the wicket, and gazed round me. The sun was sleeping on the gay autumnal flowers, which seemed to wear the faces of old friends; Violet's image, from infancy to girlhood, rose before me; I lifted my eyes to the quiet sky, and wept. A timid, stealing hand took mine, and the lips which, for an instant, lightly pressed it, quivered as they pronounced my name—"Tom! dear Tom!" That evening saw her pledged to become my wife.

Intoxicated with present happiness, I asked myself a thousand times why I had ever suffered my spirits and health to be destroyed by imaginary evils, for such they appeared, now that I had ceased to suffer. Then, as the death of poor Richards, and the subsequent conduct of my sister Sally smote on my heart, I thought of forsaking the trade necessity had compelled *me* to follow, and a vague dread of inflicting the gloom and misery it had entailed upon *me*, on the heart of my young wife, confirmed me in my resolution. I wrote to my master, informing him of my intentions, and considered the matter at an end. But what was his reply? He wrote, slightly, yet kindly reproaching me with having led him to believe that he had secured in me a permanent assistant, and yet leaving him as soon as I was master of my trade. He touched on the probability of my finding some difficulty in supporting a wife and family as a journeyman, even in a flourishing business; and concluded by offering to take me into partnership with himself. He was old, he said, and had neither chick nor child to provide for; he had begun to love me as a son, and if I consented to this arrangement, his house should be a home for Violet and myself, and at the death of himself and his wife, we should inherit all he had saved, and the goodwill of the business. The perusal of this letter, which I received in the presence of my poor mother, of Violet, and of her father, caused a change in my plans, sudden and unexpected. The pride and satisfaction of my aged parent, the joy of Violet, the hearty approbation of my future father-in-law, the happy consciousness of being able to place her I loved beyond the possible reach of want—could I forego all these? And yet my hand trembled as I signed my name to the acceptance of his offer, and I half regretted that I had never explained my feelings on the subject to those connected with me.

Our wedding-day rose bright and unclouded; and the little party who attended agreed to spend the afternoon at some tea-gardens which had been established in the immediate vicinity of the bowling-green in the village. Thither we accordingly proceeded in all the buoyant spirits youth, love, and hope could furnish.

Amongst the many little tables laid out for the accommodation of the different guests, there was one which attracted the attention of most visitors whom idleness or curiosity had brought to the gardens. It was occupied by three young men, strangers in the village, one of whom was said, by the landlady, to be an artist of great talent. They appeared above the middle rank of life, and indulged in the most riotous merriment; drinking, laughing, jesting loudly, and singing glees; apparently forgetful of the presence of any beside themselves. Violet, with the utmost simplicity, begged me to walk near them, that she might hear the singing, which was different from any thing she had been accustomed to. Unwilling to refuse her, I took two or three turns within a short distance of the strangers' table. As we passed I was struck with the features of a young man who had just risen from his seat to commence one of the popular ballads of the day. It appeared to me that I had known him previously, but where or when I could not tell. As we repassed, the song being just concluded, he addressed Violet in a manner which made her shrink back upon my arm, and I turned fiercely to resent the insult.—His eye caught mine, and he became, as it were paralysed; the glow forsook his cheek; the glass fell shattered from his hand, and a convulsive trembling agitated his limbs. A wondering and simultaneous pause took place among the spectators and his companions. With a ghastly smile he pointed to me, and laughing wildly, exclaimed:—'Here he is again—to remind me that my dead father cursed me!—cursed *me for days* and nights spent like this; and the curse of hell *is* clinging to me! Take care of him; he will bring death among you—death and horrible dreams; and when you would kneel for pardon to those you have offended, he will drag them from your sight, and nail them down for ever, to be food for the creeping worm. Look!' shouted he, while the big drops stood on his forehead; 'look! my father is standing behind him, dressed in his shroud—the dead amongst the living!' He sank back as he spoke, and the confusion became general. Women screamed and fainted; children caught the infection of terror; some of the guests hurried from the garden; others crowded round the fainting man; *all* drew back from *me* with common dread; a stare of loathing curiosity was hastily cast on me, and they passed, till I remained alone with Violet, bewildered, pale as death, and hanging on my arm.

I was forced in self-defence to make some explanation of this strange scene to my own family! In so doing I was involuntary led into bitter and melancholy expressions, and these had their effect upon Violet, who, with a heavy sigh, regretted the necessity I was under of following such a trade.

Sarah returned to live with my mother for awhile; and I resumed my old occupation, made lighter, it is true, by the hire of two journeymen, but still sufficiently dreary. A thousand melancholy stories were told to Violet by the neighbours, the effect of which I in vain endeavoured to counteract. A thousand times I was forced to struggle for an appearance of cheerfulness, after a day of heavy trial, because I *dared not* be sad in her presence. It was a relief to me when the intelligence that my poor mother had been seized with a paralytic stroke, allowed me to indulge in the gloominess which overpowered me, and which gradually communicated itself to my young wife. Poor Violet! sorrow stole over her brow like shadows on a sunny spot, and the dimple in her laughing cheek contradicted the seriousness of those sweet fond eyes: yet she *was* sad, and I felt it, and never more deeply than when she sought with stealing caresses, or the snatch of a favorite song, to win me to the mirth of my younger days. Months rolled on, and the prospects of becoming a father had given a new interest to my existence, and created a fresh cause for anxious tenderness and caution towards the partner of my lot; when my heart was again sickened by one of those strange events which seemed inseparable from my calling.

A damp and unhealthy autumn carried off a great number of our townspeople, and we worked night and day to complete the orders we received. I accompanied one of the journeymen to Mead-park, a place in the vicinity of the town, belonging to a gentleman of property and weight in the county. The man informed me that the coffin was for a very young lady, and that she appeared to have died of a 'wasting disease,' for she was a mere skeleton, and for all *he* had seen, was little missed by the family. We entered the house by a back door, and as we passed the entrance of the servants' hall, the loud merriment which issued from it, and glimpses of gay-coloured liveries, seemed little consonant with a scene of mourning. As we proceeded, more refined, but equally decisive, symptoms of carelesss and heartless gaiety, smote my ear—several different tones in earnest and laughing conversation were audible; and the sound of a clear light voice, with a harp accompaniment, floated and swelled along the vaulted corridor through which we passed. We were ushered to the chamber of death by a young girl on whose feeling countenance was depicted that she, at least, remembered the departed. We knocked, but a hollow silence told that no one watched the forsaken corpse. The girl then tried the door, and finding it fast, called to a fellow servant, who replied that the housekeeper had the key in her pocket and was showing the grounds to a party of friends, but was expected in every minute; and *the men might wait*. We waited accordingly: no one spoke, and the faint echo of the harp below—the confused sounds of doors opening and closing, of voices, and all the murmur of *life* which resounded through the habitation, seemed to mock our stillness. At length the girl, wiping away the tears which had gathered in her eyes, said as if half to herself—'And she has played on that very harp many's the time; and sung to it too, as sweetly as any of them. Ah! what would Mr. Henry say if he knew it.'—'Who was she,' asked I.—'No one knows, Sir,' replied the girl. 'Some say she was the Colonel's daughter, and some say his niece; but she was here as a teacher to the youngest of the ladies. She told me herself she was an orphan—*I* am an orphan too,' and the girl again wept.—'And Mr. Henry?'—'He's the Colonel's son, and they sent him away because—'

The arrival of the housekeeper, flushed with haste and curaçoa, and jingling a huge bunch of keys, interrupted her last communication: the door was opened, and we proceeded to lift the corpse. It was the desire of the family that the funeral should take place as speedily as possible; this was but the third day after death, and the morrow was appointed for interment. I paused to take one look at the fair neglected thing, whose young life had been of so little value in the eyes of those around her. A sudden gush of blood from my heart to my temple veins—a cold and horrid shivering succeeded the gaze. I had seen her but once—and what was she to me, or I to her?—nothing!—but it was the suddenness of the forced remembrance which smote me. I recognized her in that single glance, as though years of acquaintance had made her features familiar to me, and my heart was wrung as I gazed. Again I beheld her passing me, as, worn out alike in mind and body, I leaned against the wall of that narrow street; again the hesitating pause—the timid kindness of her manner—returned with the melancholy distinctness of a dream from which we have but just awakened. Could she indeed be dead? Her pale, calm face had suffered no perceptible change—her lips were slightly parted, and I almost listened for the gentle tones which had uttered the words, 'You look weary!' the day I had watched Richards and my sister in their walk. Alas! where was the echo that could bring me the sound of her voice? She was gone 'where the weary are at rest!'

As we left the room a chaise drove furiously up to the house—a young man leaped from it, and I heard the girl who had before spoken of him, exclaim in a tone of agony, 'Oh! God! it is Mr. Henry!'

That evening, as I was sitting with my beloved Violet, who full of the anticipations of maternal joys, talked gaily and incessantly to cheer me after the day's toil, I heard a confused noise of hurried steps and loud and alarmed voices—the door was flung open—the journeyman and his companion—two of the servants I had seen in the morning at Mead-park—and several other persons, crowded in. All spoke at once, and none were intelligible. At length I collected that the being on whom the world was supposed to have closed for ever, had been heard to move, to moan in her coffin, and I was required to be on the spot, in the shortest possible space of time, with the requisite tools for breaking open her narrow dwelling-house. Struck with intense horror, I rushed from the house, seizing the implements of my trade which lay nearest my hand.

Passing groups of terrified domestics, I made my way into the room where the corpse lay. The young man I had seen arrive in the morning stood by the coffin, and turning from his mother, who was condemning the whole scene as the effect of heated fancy, he said to me, in a smothered voice, 'Quickly, quickly! but don't hurt her—don't harm her—I will make you rich!—I ——' Unable to say any more, he remained heavily panting, till as the coffin lid rose a little he rushed forward, and with hands nerved by love's deep agony burst it open. She lay partly turned round, and a nail, which had caught in the shroud, and removed it partially from her throat and shoulder, had also inflicted a wound, from which the blood still oozed. All shrank back but *him*: he raised her in his arms—he kissed her lips, her cheek, her forehead—he staunched the blood on her fair attenuated shoulder with his handkerchief—he watched—yet why should he watch?—he *felt* what we all *saw*—that she *had* lived! Slowly he laid her down and suffered his arms to fall listlessly by his side, while he gazed from one awe-stricken countenance to another. No one moved—no one but *he*, dared even to breathe audibly. Suddenly his wandering eyes fixed on mine, with a glaring expression of horror and hatred. I shrank instinctively from the meditated violence which that look conveyed, and the action seemed to recall him to himself. He laid one hand on the edge of the coffin, and lifting the other solemnly, said in a hollow voice:—'Not I—though I forsook her in the long trial of a breaking heart—not *I* have done this; nor you, cold, cruel mother, whose pride denied me an obscure happiness: but you—*you*, whose coarse hand shrouded her from Heaven's air, while she yet breathed—it is on you that the blood of the innocent lies for ever!'

Was there aught left on earth to endure that could be bitter after this? A feeling, which might have shaped itself into such a question, had I been capable of a connected idea, rose in my mind as *I* reached my home; but my cup was not yet full. Overcome with the horrors detailed to her, with every exaggeration which vulgar terror and superstition could add, Violet had, after my departure, fallen into an hysterical fit, which was followed by convulsions—and the hour which made her prematurely a mother, robbed me at once of wife and child.

What was death, or the pomp of death, to me afterwards? My mother, my poor helpless mother, still lives—and I am still a coffin-maker! C. E. N.

BRYANT'S POEMS.

As Mr. Bryant's works have been lately the subject of conversation and criticism here, and by the appearance of an edition in London, under the editorship of Mr. Irving, have gone through the same ordeal there, we have thought the reception the volume has in England, would be a matter of interest to our readers to learn. The following opinions are from the Literary Gazette.—*Atlas.*

We cannot better characterise poetry than in Shelley's fine lines, and say that it

"Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves—
Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,
Now feeding splendour—whence from secret springs,
The source of human thought its tribute brings."

This glorious fountain has sprung up in all parts of the world—in Greece, amid olive and myrtle groves, mirroring the shine of the spear and shield in the distance, or the braided hair and chiselled features of nearer loveliness, bearing on its stream the ringing of the trumpet and the murmur of the lute. It has flowed on even unto our present time, with the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, as landmarks; and what is there to prevent the current of inspiration from crossing the Atlantic, realising the classic fable—an Alpheus wandering to another shore, and there finding on Arethusa of love and song? Beautiful with its mighty rivers and its immeasurable forests—and with the memory of a noble and perished race—but buoyant with the hopes of present freedom and conscious power—America's national poetry should be among the noblest in the world. As yet, no great poet has arisen to give light and existence to the

"Legio of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above her darkness."

But surely there are the signs of a spring-tide at hand—the rich soil is saturate with moisture, and the silver waters wait but an impulse to gush forth. A world of fresh and eager thought, of deep and impassioned feeling, is to be found in the occasional poetry of the American newspapers; and there is that poetical feeling abroad, which, though born of, nevertheless precedes, poetry, and to which may be so well applied the description of Aurora in Racine—

"Fille de jour, qui nais devant ton pere."

The present volume is by a Transatlantic writer, here favourably known as the author of much beautiful fugitive poetry in Annuals, &c., and an established favourite among his countrymen. We are most happy to bid him welcome to England. There is much taste, much feeling, much grace in this work; perhaps its chief fault is, that it is not sufficiently American; we do not want translations from the Spanish, nor odes about the liberty of the Greeks; but we want words that bear the impress of their own sky and their own soil. The great charm of Mr. Bryant's writings is their strain of gentle thoughtfulness; and his descriptions are of great beauty. But we will select a few favourites, and leave our readers to judge of how well our praise is deserved. [These we omit.]

Reward of good conduct.—On the 17th March ten persons were thrown into the St. Lawrence by the upsetting of a canoe, five of whom were saved by the exertions of the Ferrymen. The Merchants of Quebec have presented the meritorious individuals with medals, (two of gold and two of silver) on which is the following inscription:

"To L. Chabot, A. Bergin, B. Vien, J. Lecour dit Barras, P. Pichette and A. St. Laurent, who by their prompt exertions saved five out of ten persons, upset in a canoe on the 17th March, this *Medal* is presented as an excitement to similar acts."

Testimonial.—The inhabitants of York have presented Capt. Hugh Richardson, of the Canada, with a Silver Tea Service, for his humane exertions on several occasions in rescuing persons from drowning. The articles bear an appropriate inscription. Twenty pounds have also been placed at the disposal of Capt. R., to be divided among the men who assisted him on these occasions.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK. MAY 5, 1832.

MERCANTILE DRUMMING.

Drumming, in a mercantile sense, consists in fastening upon every man, whether stranger or otherwise, who labors under a suspicion of having come to the city to purchase goods for the country market; and the object thereof is, to monopolize, or at least to obtain as great a share as possible of the wholesale business.

To do this to the best advantage, merchants and clerks are stationed at the different hotels, to "nab" the country traders as fast as they come in. And this mode, where a mercantile house consists of a firm of two or three persons, together with half a dozen clerks, may be readily conceived to be a very efficient one; for each of the heads of the establishment, who do not chance to keep house, and each of the clerks, board at a separate hotel—thus occupying some eight or ten different stations, from whence to drum up recruits for the interest of the firm.

If with such strong forces, and so judiciously stationed, a mercantile establishment do not flourish, it is not for want of exertion in the way of drumming. This mode of getting business is what, in the country, the farmers would no doubt call pulling and hauling. Nevertheless there is no violence in obtaining recruits—though perhaps there may be said to be a sort of impressment—for Uncle Sam's coin, if not actually slipped into the pocket of the country trader, is laid out for his especial benefit, in theatre tickets, oyster suppers, shows, and champagne.

We will endeavor to give a specimen of this Mercantile Drumming, by way of dialogue—hoping that none of our friends will apply any part thereof to themselves, or take the trouble of trying on a garment which we are positive will not fit *them*:

SCENE. *A S(p)itting Room in a Hotel.* Present sundry City Merchants and Clerks—also, sundry gentlemen, suspected to be Country Merchants.

Spuggins. [Smirking and bowing politely to a stout looking stranger.] I understand your name is—

1st Stranger. Vanderspogle.

Spug. Ah, yes—Vanderspogle. From the country I presume?

1st Stran. Eheh!

Spug. Come to purchase goods no doubt?

1st Stran. [Turning away.] Umph!

Spug. [Following up.] You'll want an assortment of boot-jacks, I presume?

1st Stran. You're a presuming blockhead.

Spug. [Bowing.] I beg your pardon, sir—my business is to sell goods. I belong to the firm of Huggins, Spuggins & Co. We keep the best articles in our line, in all the city of New York.

1st Stran. The devil you do!

Spug. Shall be happy to accommodate you on the very lowest terms.

1st Stran. You're too *low* for me.

Spug. Too low!—Ah, sir, you're joking now. Surely every body likes to buy goods as cheap as they can. Won't you give us a call?

1st Stran. [Turning away.] If I were to call you any thing, it would be—

Spug. Spuggins, sir—Peter Spuggins, of the firm of Huggins, Spuggins & Co., No. 916 Bustle street.

1st Stran. Whom do you take me for?

Spug. A country merchant, to be sure.

1st Stran. Well, sir, if I am, I know where to look for goods myself, and want none of your contemptible tricks to draw me into a bargain.

[Thus saying, the bluff-looking stranger turns his back short upon the dealer in boot-jacks—but is suddenly met on the other hand by Juggins, a dealer in a different article.]

Juggins. Fine morning this, sir.

1st Stran. So I've heard several persons say.

Jug. Hem!—Sir,—hem!—I havn't the honor of knowing your name, sir?

1st Stran. Crab.

Jug. Ah, Mr. Crab, I'm your most obedient—shall deem myself supremely happy in your acquaintance.

1st Stran. That may be, or may not be.

Jug. My name is Juggins, of the firm of Juggins, Muggins & Co. wholesale dealers in monkies and paroquets. You will doubtless want a supply of those articles?

1st Stran. Monkies and paroquets!

Jug. Ay, sir—our assortment is the best and most extensive in the whole market.

1st Stran. Monkies and paroquets! Is the whole firm for sale?

Jug. [Looking blank.] The whole *firm!* I don't understand the allusion.

1st Stran. It's just as well as if you did. Good bye, sir. [*Exit.*

Jug. Devilish rude, I must say. But there is now and then a man that we can make nothing of. Here now is one [Turning to a country-looking man] that looks as if a body might do something with him. [Bowing low.] Fine morning this, sir.

2d Stran. Very fine.

Jug. [Aside.] He's my man—I'll fasten him.—Ahem! sir—from the country I presume? Come to purchase goods no doubt?

2d Stran. Why, yes, sir, that's my business in New York.

Jug. My name is Juggins, of the firm of Juggins, Muggins & Co. Shall be happy to accommodate you with any thing in our line. We deal in monkies and paroquets.

2d Stran. I suppose you breed 'em, don't you.

Jug. Breed them! What, breed monkies and paroquets! O no, sir, we import, and in a very large way too. There are no dealers in New York who do so extensive a business in the same line as we, or can afford to sell so cheap. I hope you'll give us a call, at No. 1319 Bustle street. I havn't the pleasure of knowing your name—but—

2d Stran. My name is Lookabout, for want of a better.

Jug. Well, Mr. Lookabout, I don't think you can do better than to trade with us.

2d Stran. Why, I don't know—I'm jest setting up in the business, as it were, and shan't purchase my stock of goods until I've looked about me to see where I can get 'em cheapest.

Jug. That's right—perfectly right—I don't blame any man for wishing to get goods as cheap as he can. But if you want a supply of monkies and paroquets for the country market, I must say positively you can't do better than to trade with us.

2d Stran. Why, there it is now—every merchant 'll say jest the same. And then as to the sort of goods, I don't exactly know how they'll sell in the country—the farmers, and so on, are very cautious how they buy, except—

Jug. You needn't have any fears on that score. The goods will be a novelty in the country, and will go like wild-fire—I shouldn't wonder if you should retail a groce of monkies and paroquets in less than a month after you get home.

2d Stran. I suppose they don't sell so well here, where the city is supplied—and where, I dare say, a great many people breed their own?

Jug. [Aside.] Curse the fellow! I hope he don't mean to insinuate.—Ahem! why, to be sure, Mr. Lookabout, the business is not so brisk here as when the trade first commenced—but the demand for the country market is very great—and the importations have been rather limited of late—I shouldn't wonder—

2d Stran. Why, if I thought the article would sell in the country—

Jug. There's no question about that—not the least. By the by, do you ever go to the Theatre?

2d Stran. I never have been yet—but I thought I should go before I left the city.

Jug. By all means. I shall be happy to treat you to a ticket this evening.

2d Stran. I'm obliged to you, sir—very much obliged to you. I thought I should go to the Museum too.

Jug. I shall be most happy to furnish you with a ticket there likewise.

2d Stran. I'm very much obliged to you—you're very kind. I'll call and look at your goods—and if I should conclude—

Jug. Do, sir, do—good day. [*Bowing, and Exit.*

[Juggins is no sooner gone, than up steps Spuggins, and accosts Lookabout.]

Spug. From the country I suppose, sir?

2d Stran. Jest so, Mister.

Spug. My name is Spuggins, of the firm of Huggins, Spuggins & Co., No. 916 Bustle street.

2d Stran. My name is Lookabout. I'm about opening a store in the country, and have come here to purchase goods.

Spug. You'll of course want an assortment of boot-jacks?

2d Stran. Why I don't know as to that—but I believe they manufacture them things in the country.

Spug. Not such as we sell though. Ours are the real English Patent Spring boot-jacks—a most superb article—it whips off the boot in the twinkling of an eye—it is a very popular article, and is selling off with great rapidity. I hope you'll give us a call, and—

2d Stran. Well, I'll look about and see.

Spug. Do, Mr. Lookabout. But I tell you beforehand, you can't get supplied at any other establishment on so good terms as at ours. In fact, there is no other one that has the genuine article—the real English Patent Spring—all the rest are mere imitations—downright counterfeits.—Ah—apropos—will you do me the pleasure to accept of a ticket for the theatre this evening?

2d Stran. I'm much obliged to you, sir—I promised to accommodate another gentleman this evening—but tomorrow night, if you please—

Spug. Very well—tomorrow night I'll attend you—and after the performance, you'll do me the pleasure to crack a bottle of champagne with me?

2d Stran. Why, yes, I don't know any thing to the contrary now.

Spug. Good morning, sir. Don't fail to call at our store, No. 916 Bustle street. [*Exit.*

2d Stran. To be sure I'll call. But as to buying your goods, that's another thing. I know how to look out for number one. However I'm not the man to refuse to attend the theatre, and drink champagne, and the like, when it costs me nothing—not I. But as to monkies, and boot-jacks—I'm not such a jack-anapes as to be taken in that way—not by a jug full.

ADVENTURES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER. *By Ross Cox.* 1 vol. 8vo. J. & J. Harper. New York: 1832.

This is the narrative of a six years' residence on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians, between the years 1811 and 1817. The author is an Englishman, who originally went out as a clerk in the service of the Pacific Fur Company, an association set on foot by John Jacob Astor of this city. The war breaking out soon after, the interests of this association were transferred to the Northwest Company, into the service of which Mr. Cox entered, and remained until the year 1817, as above mentioned.

His opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the soil, the productions both animal and vegetable, and Indian character, were very favorable; and the public are highly indebted to him for the manner in which he has improved them. His narrative is written in a pleasing style, and is full of novelty—abounding in the adventures, privations, and "hairbreadth 'scapes" of the Indian hunter.

The following is the manner in which the author was one night routed from the couch of a *bear*, in which he had inadvertently taken up his lodgings:—"On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed a part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprang up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped, and turned about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him; and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark sometime with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night."

A great deal of the food of the adventurers consisted of the flesh of dogs and horses, which they purchased of the Indians, in large numbers, for the table. "Custom," says the author, speaking of the horse, "had so far reconciled us to the flesh of this animal, that we often preferred it to what in Europe might be regarded as luxuries. Foals or colts are not good, although a few of our men preferred them. A horse for the table ought not to be under three years, nor above seven. The flesh of those which are tame, well fed, and occasionally worked, is tender and firm, and the fat hard and white: it is far superior to the wild horse, the flesh of which is loose and stringy, and the fat yellow and rather oily. We generally killed the former for our own table; and I can assure my readers, that if they sat down to a fat rib, or a rump-steak of a well-fed four year old, without knowing the animal, they would imagine themselves regaling on a piece of prime ox-beef."

Towards the close of the last century, the *Small-pox* had been very prevalent and fatal among the Indians near the mouth of the Columbia; and as they still remembered it with a superstitious dread, Mr. M'Dougall, one of the agents of the Company, took advantage of their fears to restrain them from injuring the whites. "He assembled several of the chieftains, and showing them a small bottle, declared that it contained the small-pox; that although his force was weak in number, he was strong in medicine; and that in consequence of the treacherous cruelty of the Northern Indians, he would open the bottle and send the small-pox among them. The chiefs strongly remonstrated against his doing so. They told him that they and their relations were always friendly to the white people; that they would remain so; that if the small-pox was once let out, it would run like fire among the good people as well as among the bad; and that it was inconsistent with justice to punish friends for the crimes committed by enemies. Mr. M'Dougall appeared to be convinced by these reasons, and promised, that if the white people were not attacked or robbed for the future, the fatal bottle should not be uncorked. He was greatly dreaded by the Indians, who were fully impressed with the idea that he held their fate in his hands, and they called him by way of pre-eminence, 'the great small-pox chief.'"

RELIGION OF THE FLATHEADS.—From the following account of the religion of a tribe, called the Flatheads, it will be perceived their place of future punishment is to be a very cold instead of a very hot one: "The Flatheads believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, and a state of future rewards and punishments. They hold, that after death the good Indian goes to a country in which there will be perpetual summer; that he will meet his wife and children; that the rivers will abound with fish, and the plains with the much-loved buffalo; and that he will spend his time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believe, will go to a place covered with eternal snow; that he will always be shivering with cold, and will see fires at a distance which he cannot enjoy; water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves, panthers, and serpents, separates these 'shrinking slaves of winter' from their more fortunate brethren in the 'meadows of ease.' Their punishment is not, however, eternal, and according to the different shades of their crimes they are sooner or later emancipated, and permitted to join their friends in the Elysian Fields.

"Their code of morality, although short, is comprehensive. They say that honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs, and affection for their wives and children, are the principal virtues which entitle them to the place of happiness, while the opposite vices condemn them to that of misery. They have a curious tradition with respect to beavers. They firmly believe that these animals are a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech; and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member."

AN HONEST PADDY.—A young man, boarding at a tavern in the country, having been out one night on a wooing expedition, was so fascinated by his dulcinea, that he did not return until some time past midnight. Wishing to conceal from the landlord, and especially from the landlord's wife, how late he had tarried, he gave Jemmy, the hostler, who let him in, a ninepenny bit not to tell.

"Och, and I'll not do it at all," said Jemmy.

The next morning, as the young man was at breakfast with the family, and the Irishman was passing by, the landlord called out to him—

"Jim!"

"Comin, sir."

"What time did you let in Mr. Johnson last night?"

"Oh, surely now," said the honest paddy, "your honor wont insist upon knowin, for Misther Johnson he gin me a ninepenny bit not to tell how *'twas all but two o'clock jist.*"

"First of May—
Clear the way!"
SONG.

Tuesday being the First of May, the usual moving scenes were observable in every part of our city. Horse-carts, hand-carts, and hand-barrows were jostling in every direction. Crash! went the bureaux—smash! went the looking-glasses—my gracious! exclaimed the women—ya! ya! ya! squalled the children—whee-uh! whee-uh! squealed the pigs—blast and bung your eyes! turn out there! roared the cartmen. Oaths rang, kettles clanged, and the dust flew. There was weeping and repentance.—But all is quiet now. The movers have got the dust out of their eyes, mended up their broken furniture, and will be ready to—move again on the First of next May.

A Turn-coat and a Turn-stile.—Ex-President Adams, who is always fond of a metaphor, in a late speech, alluding to a change of political opinion, says: "There was a *physical* explanation which might account for it. It was by supposing that the only avenue to public office was what is commonly called a turn-stile. Those who go in on the one side and those who come out on the other produce a revolution which makes east, west—and west, east." This illustration of Mr. Adams's may no doubt be relied upon, for he has passed sundry times through the stile, and therefore *knows*.

Another Coalition.—It is asserted, we know not on what authority, that the Tory gentry in England have formed a coalition with the Cholera to prevent the passage of the Reform Bill—by getting rid of as many as possible of the poorer class of people, who are known to be in favor of reform.

A Case in Grammar.—A teacher of English grammar, away east, asked one of his pupils the case of a certain noun which he was attempting to parse. The scholar puzzled and scratched his head for some time, and at last fetching a long breath, he broke out with —"It's a darned *hard* case, sir."

Mina has been convicted, at Doylestown, Pa. of the murder of Mr. Chapman.

The Public are informed that on next Sabbath the Broome-street Church, lately denominated the Hall of Science, will come fully into the possession of the Methodist Protestant Church. Official Service by W.W. Hill, late President of the North Carolina Conference, will occur thrice in the day (health permitting) at the usual hours. The Discourses will be rather select on the occasion, and especially so in the afternoon. In the forenoon some allusions will be made to the custom of dedicating things and men to Sacred uses. On the Tuesday evening following, a Lecture is contemplated at the same place, by the same functionary, on ecclesiastical policy and its unavoidable influence over civil policy. The courtesy of an enlightened public will surely give a Christian community, now rapidly extending, a hearing. The liberal in sentiment are especially invited.

Pecuniary assistance for defraying the expenses attendant on purchasing and repairing the house, will be gratefully received. An opportunity will be given to our friends to contribute at the close of each service.—*Communicated.*

SELECTIONS.

SINGULAR SCENE IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The English papers give us the following sketch of an address by Mr. Perceval, on the question of the third reading of the Reform Bill, with the reception given to it by the House. Mr. *Shaw* appears to have entertained a correct view of his friend's position.

Mr. Spencer Perceval then rose and addressed the house from the back benches, in an emphatic tone, and with solemn gesture. The hon. member began—In whose name do you sit here? (Ill-suppressed laughter.) In his name, at the mention of whom titter and sneer came forth from you. Think ye for one moment that ye are setting here in forgetfulness of him from whose counsels all wisdom and might do come? Think ye—(the hon. gentleman was here interrupted by conflicting cries of "Adjourn!" "Divide! 'Question!" "Go on!" &c.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and said—I apprehend that the hon. member means to move an adjournment. If that is his object, it is not my intention to oppose the motion. Mr. Perceval continued—I say to this house, do you expect any blessing to come on you—or on this nation, in the great work which you are called upon to perform? You are called upon to establish the basis and roots of a constitution, but do you believe for an instant that the blessing of God can rest on the labours of men, who think not of him in their work, but sit in counsel, forgetting him entirely? (Cries of adjourn!" mingled with cries of "hear!" were here resumed.) Think you if that which is written be true—when it is said "except the Lord build the house, the labour is lost"—think you, for an instant, and say that your work will be blessed? How stands the account of this house with their God at this time. I will have the Commons called upon to humble themselves before God, and to seek his blessing by contrition and repentance. (At this moment several hon. members at both sides of the house, apparently with an understanding that the debate was to be adjourned, rose and left. The hon. member continued.) You all depart when God's name is mentioned, though you would have sat till five—ay, six o'clock—if he had not been mentioned. Mr. Hunt rose to order, and moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Percival—I do not mean to move any adjournment. You had sat here till six o'clock, if God's name had not been mentioned. Now sit and hear me. I stand here again to warn you of the judgment of God that is coming on you. Do you think I stand here in my own strength? Could I stop 500 men in this house and compel them to listen to me, if I stood not in reliance on him in whose name and despised love I implore you to listen to me for a few moments. I stand not in my own strength, but in that of Jehovah. The House of Commons has been twice called to humble itself before God; but the motion was got rid of by a miserable subterfuge. You have now the scourge in the midst of you, which crossed the world to get at you. When a bill was brought in with respect to that scourge [we presume the hon. member meant the cholera morbus] an hon. member of this house opposed the recognition of Divine Providence in that scourge. The house would not make that acknowledgment, but tossed the name of God out of this house. I told the house before, that its God was the people. The people you have exalted, and to them you have bowed down and worshipped; and you did so in the Scotch bill relating to this very disease. It was not in your hearts to humble yourselves before your God. You have done it—but he will not now accept of it. Your God is not a God to be mocked. He is a God that searcheth the hearts of men; and this house, which hears me, knows full well that it was not in the hearts of the Council of the King truly to humble themselves before their God. You are not approaching him in a spirit of contrition, humiliation, and supplication. You do not approach him as men who feel that in him, and in him alone, is their blessing and their prosperity. You have not submitted yourselves day and night in his sight, and, if you have ordered a fast, I say it was not been in a spirit of repentance and humiliation before your God. (Cries of "Adjourn.") The rulers of the land have not in their hearts contrition and repentance, and the work of you and your rulers shall not be acceptable to God. The curse of your God is upon you. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Adjourn.") The curse has been hanging over you ever since you disregarded the call of the Lord. (Cries of "Adjourn.") I told the house and the people of this country that I had committed myself to this task with much prayer, and I will not be turned away by man from the task which I have undertaken. I tell this house that this land will be made desolate—I tell you that yet a little while and ye shall howl and lament, and your land will be desolate—I tell you that the pestilence which the mercy of your God has been holding in, and which ye have been despising in your hearts, will be let loose amongst you. I tell you it will, and I tell you that the sword will follow. I tell you these things, and I tell you that they are the word of God. I tell this house more. I tell you that the church of this land shall be laid low, and the scourge shall be upon her, and you see it coming. The church shall be laid low and postrate, for she has corrupted her way before God. She has played the harlot with the state, and has forsaken the doctrines of the Lord. These things will come to pass—your eyes shall see them. Therefore, trouble not yourselves about this bill, for this is your doom, and this is the decree of the land. It has gone forth. You may mock me, and think me mad. Ye may look upon me as one beside himself, but the hour is coming when ye shall know whether the things that I speak are of my own counsel, or are the word of God.

Mr. Shaw rose, and said perhaps his hon. friend would allow him, in a spirit of the most entire admiration of his own motives, to entreat that he would not himself make the house act contrary to the spirit in which he was anxious that the debate should conclude. He entreated his hon. friend to allow every member to retire who wished to keep the day in the manner in which his hon. friend was desirous it should be kept.

Mr. Perceval rose to order, and said he must act as his conscience dictated. (Renewed cries of "Adjourn.") He continued. I tell you that your rulers think they have caught him in a net, but the King is the Lord's anointed, and the heart of the King is in the Lord's hand, and they shall not hold him, although they think they have got him. I entreat you, one and every man amongst you, to flee out from the system in which you have been living—forgetting your God. Where is his honour?—ay, where is your love for him who died for you; did his blood stream from the cross even to the ground to save you?—and ye think not of him. Who is your God and your Saviour? His coming is nigh, at whose coming men shall turn to the rocks to hide themselves.

An hon. member here rose, and said that there were strangers in the house. The Speaker ordered strangers to withdraw, and Mr. Perceval instantly ceased, and left the house. Indescribable confusion prevailed during the greater part of the hon. gentleman's speech. The members stood grouped on the floor, or in the galleries, eagerly observing him, and the cries of "Order and "Adjourn," together with the noise caused by gentlemen retiring, occasioned frequent interruptions, and rendered some of the hon. gentleman's observations inaudible in the gallery. The motion for the adjournment of the debate was then put and carried. The other orders of the day having been gone through, the house adjourned at one o'clock."

Spanish Inquisition.—When Gen. Lasalle entered Toledo he immediately visited the palace of the Inquisition. The great number of the instruments of torture, especially the instrument to stretch the limbs, the drop baths (already known) which cause a lingering death, excited horror even in the minds of soldiers hardened in the field of battle. Only one of these instruments, singular of its kind, for refined torture, disgraceful to reason and religion in the choice of its object, seems to deserve a particular description. In a subterraneous vault, adjoining the secret Audience Chamber, stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue made by the hands of Monks, representing,—who would believe it?—the Virgin Mary! A gilded glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. It immediately struck the spectator, notwithstanding the silk garments which fell in ample folds from the shoulders on both sides, that she wore a breast plate. Upon a closer examination, it appeared that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails, and small blades of knives with the points projecting outwards. One of the servants of the Inquisition, who was present, was ordered by the General to make the machine *manoeuvre*, as he expressed himself.

As the statue extended its arms and gradually drew them back, as if she would affectionately press somebody to her heart, the well filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied for this time the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer, and when, at the command of the General, the director made it open its arms, and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging upon the nails and knife blades. It is remarkable that the barbarians had the wickedness to call this instrument of torture, "*Madre Dolorosa*"—not the deeply afflicted, pain-enduring—but, by a play on words, the pain-giving—Mother of God!

Repentance A-la-Mode.—A worthy clergyman of this town, well known for his indefatigable assiduity in visiting the members of his congregation, was summoned lately to the bedside of one of his female communicants, who had been pronounced by the medical attendant as in the most dangerous stage of a perilous fever. The reverend gentleman, accordingly, in the discharge of his spiritual functions, took occasion to remind Jenny of the various natural failings which he knew appertained to her—among others a notorious and inveterate habit of scolding and quarrelling with her neighbors, commonly termed "an ill tongue," and earnestly counselled her to repentance preparatory to her great eternal change, and to resolutions of amendment should she survive her ailments. For every fault, and especially the latter, Jenny expressed her deep contrition, and our friend departed directing notice to be sent to him should she become worse. Not hearing of her for several days, he again wended his way to her abode, almost in the expectation of finding her "stiff and stark," when, as he entered the street where she resided, he was thunderstruck at hearing Jenny's voice pitched in *alto*, and loudly engaged in a by no means melodious *fugue* with two or three neighbors. On the appearance of her pastor, however, she retreated in some confusion into her habitation whither she was followed by our astonished and displeased friend. "Oh, Jenny, Jenny," remarked he, "is this your repentance?—is this the way ye keep your promise ye made me when I last visited ye?" "Hoot, sir," replied Jenny, nodging him coaxingly on the arm—"hoot, sir, who shud heed what a body says i' the heat o' a feever." We fear much that Jenny's fit of temporary repentance and consequent relapse to wordly frailties is but too common an occurrence.—*Dumfries paper.*

"Many years ago John Kemble acted *Joseph Surface* in Sheridan's admirable comedy of the *School for Scandal*, not improbably immediately after the death of John Palmer, who is acknowledged to have been the most able representative of that smooth, soft, insinuating wretch, who mingling cant with hypocrisy, 'can smile, and smile, and be a villain.'

One night during the season in which he performed *Joseph*, (in which he completely failed,) John Kemble got excessively tipsy, a circumstance perhaps of not *very* frequent occurrence, but replete with serious consequences on this occasion; for returning homeward to Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, or Caroline street, (it matters little which) where he then resided, he fell into a quarrel with a butcher who was shutting up his shop; the conversation carried on with less dignity by the knight of the chopper than by him of the bowl and dagger, ended in Kemble breaking the butcher's head, a feat no sooner performed than proclaimed by the butcher's wife, who soon collected around her an overflowing audience of watchmen, by whom the great tragedian was conveyed to durance vile for the night, in that receptacle which is established for the maintenance of the peace, and the confinement of those who choose to break it.

In the morning, when reason returned, and the gentlemanly feelings of Kemble began to operate, his shame for what had happened, and his disgust at having put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his senses, being in full operation, he was produced at Bow street police office to answer for the sins and tumult of the preceding night; on which occasion he was accompanied by a host of aristocratic friends, the importance of whose appearance, added to his own subdued and conciliating manner, however, had no effect in the way of appeasing the angry feelings of the broken headed butcher.

When Kemble's noble friends spoke of pecuniary recompence for the damages, the butcher spoke of his outraged honor and the inviolable rights of the British subject. At length, by dint of persuasion, the slayer of beasts began to soften, and something like a smile played upon his much-injured countenance; that smile was hailed by the noble lords in waiting as the dawn of a reconciliation, and any sum in moderation that he chose to name was tendered to the offended plaintiff rather than subject the plaintive defendant to the ordeal of the Clerkenwell sessions.

'I vonts none of your money, Mr. Campbell,' said the butcher; 'I vonts justice.'

'My dear Sir,' said Kemble—'umph,—I do assure you I regret the incidental collision between us as deeply as you possibly can—I—am very sorry for what has happened."

'Vell,' said the butcher, 'that's all right and fair, and as much as von gemmen can properly expectorate from another; and so I am ready to make up the matter on one condition, and damme—'

'Name it, Sir,' said Kemble. 'Spare your oaths. I'll trust to your conditions! as Shakspeare has it.'

'Well, then, Mr. Campbell,' said the butcher.

'Kemble, by your leave, Sir,' said the tragedian.

'Well, Kemble, then,' continued the butcher; 'it is not so much for myself as for the people what goes to the playhouse oftener than I does that I am going to speak. I forgive you for all you did to me last night *perwided* you will give me your word and honor that you never will attempt to act *Joseph Surface* again.'

Uncertainty of infant promise.—The tempers of children are so various that some display their powers as soon as they speak. Pope lisped in numbers: some even presignify their glory before they articulate; as in certain latitudes the sun is discernible, though for days and weeks he never rises above the horizon; while others, and the most famous, have been tardy in unfolding their abilities. Robert of Sicily, though most famous for his learning and genius, was so torpid when a boy that he was with difficulty taught the rudiments of grammar. Claude, the unrivalled master of the dressed landscape, was a dull youth. La Fontaine had not the spirit of poetry awakened in him before his twenty-second year. Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven. And Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty. On the contrary, Baratiere, John Condiac, and other boys of surprising abilities, produced nothing meritorious. Their minds, like those bodies which rapidly exceed the common growth, quickly decay, while those of ordinary stature, attain confirmed strength, and long-lived maturity.—*Ensor's Independent Man.*

Singular effect of imagination.—One of the most singular cases of the effect of the imagination upon weak and credulous minds, stated in Darwin's Zoonomia, is that of a gentleman in England, who, walking over his grounds, found a poor old woman upon his premises, gathering sticks. He ordered her to lay them down, and go off his lands. She obeyed the command; but after she had laid down the faggots, she cast her wan eye upon him, and lifting her nerveless arm to heaven, exclaimed in a plaintive tone "*Mayest thou never know the blessing to be warm!*" The man was struck with her suppliant imprecation; he returned to his house, retired to his chamber, complained of being cold, and, notwithstanding the application of woollens, and heat from fires, he continued to labour under this disease of the imagination for a few weeks, when he died! His offence was comparatively small; he performed a lawful act, and that in a comparatively lenient manner; but her imprecation upon him was too powerful for his nerves to sustain.

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a penurious fellow to a physician, who dealt him out an emetic; "can't you give me more, Doctor?"

Another anecdote of the same spirit is as follows: Old Astley always kept a sharp eye upon his instrumental powers. One evening he entered the orchestra in a great rage, and inquired of the leader why the trumpets did not play? "This is a *pizzacato* passage, sir," replied the man of the bow. "*A pizza what?*" cried Astley. "A *pizzicato*, sir." "Well, well, I can't afford to let them be idle—*let the trumpets pizzicato too!*"

Discordance of Consonants.—Matthews, in his imitations, has made frequent and facetious use of the blunders to which Germans are liable in confounding *v* with *f*, and the Welsh in occasionally converting the same letter into *b*. Perhaps no phrase would be so totally perverted by the lips of a German as the *mot* of Charles III of Spain on the climate of Madrid, which being seated on higher ground than any other capital in Europe, has great extremes of temperature.

Nueve meses de invierno, y tres de infierno.

At Madrid, who can hope or e'en wish to grow old?
Such strange weather has fallen to her lot;
For nine months in the year 'tis hibernally cold,
And for three 'tis infernally hot.

"What would the Welshman, with his *b* for *v*, make of our festive motto?" was asked at a college compotation. "Make of it? Why, improve the reading, to be sure: *Dum bibimus, bibamus.*"

TABLE TALK.

Dull men love domestic feeding,
And all *given* dinners scout:
Wits a wiser course are leading,
Always, moth-like, 'eating *out*.'
Others' dinners make us fatter,
Whilstthey *cheaply* bless, like priests—
Double-zested 's then each platter—
O! ve loved promiscuous feasts!

Of good things eaten, said, and rumour'd,
Then what a Baled din occurs!
Cross-talkings all, yet all good-humour'd,
Where each his several speech prefers.
'Have you seen Tu-in?—'Some soup?'
'Where's the?—'Anything that's new?'
'In Sunderland I saw a group,
'Pitcons!'—'Shall I *carne* with you?'

'Let me help you to—' 'An alderman—'
'Fizz!'—'Miss Salmon take a little
Hare'—'I never saw so said a man!'
'Ma'am, this game—'Stags like a kettle!'
'Mr. Peel'—'A fine so'id eel!'
'Schedule A—'Now don't say nay!'
'Lord Bacon, Sir, demands—' 'Some veal!'
'Respect and—' 'Mint-sauce, Mr. Day?'

'Grey's well'—'Bread, Sir?'—'Do you eat—?'
'Vulgar wives are—' 'Ribs of beef!'
'Shall pot mentors—' 'Try some beef,'
'Lengley's got a—' 'Silence!'—'brief!'
'I rain, Ma'am, but the villain was—'
'Pedro's fleet should have been—' 'fleeter.'
'Poor Poland!' 'Russia soon will, pa'—'
'Sir, you are a very little—' 'cat too.'

'That your child?'—'The duck is wild—'
'The t'ort's sublime'—'The Sublime Porte—'
'She is it's like'—'Chicken overboiled—'
'Our monkey plays'—'The piano forte—'
'I thought he was a—' 'Pigeon, Ma'am?'
'Saint, no—' 'How's your—' 'Corn laws'—'Banyan.'
'Reform can do—' 'A spoon?'—'no harm.'
'Broughum is really—' 'Sage and onion.'

'Have you been in France?'—'French beans?'
'Will you have—' 'Hood's last'—'a merry thought?'
'Miss is in her—' 'Velvet'—'teens'—
'That's the wear'—'Bob's worn with very thought'
'Sir Hector was—' 'Some rabbin pie?'
'The mildest man'—'So nice and crusty!'
'Weather'—'Wetherell'—'how dry?'
'Proverbs'—'Hunt and Colbett'—'Musty?'

'Our parra's—' 'Bavin'—'very fine—'
'Books on—' 'Ballads'—'Scores galore—'
'British drama'—'What's the name?'
'Comedy has had a—' 'Gore.'
'The verse'—'So solitude' dy Miss Pope mean—'
'Alarm'—'to charm'—'alright'—'and please—'
'Sad accident—again'—'Elegiac in?'
'Went off'—'With damage?'—'Damages.'

'Russell's Memoirs'—'Some dessert?'
'Shall I—' 'Croker's comical'—'term it, eye?'
'O'Connell's zeal'—'The country's hurt—'
'The *ways* will soon be all *in*'—'Formerly?'
Such the miscellaneous joys
Of dining out, in mix'd society—
Good-a-gridale, chit-chat, noise,
Second sayings fun, variety!

Metropol.

MRS. TROLLOPE AND THE AMERICANS.

The Literary Gazette thus notices the new work by Mrs. T., "Domestic manners of the Americans."

We have not for some time met with volumes that bore more decidedly the stamp of feminine authorship; lively, pleasant, gossiping—but full of prejudices, and taking only a look at one side of the picture. A woman always judges by her feelings, and these feelings are often interested or disgusted by slight causes—hence, impartiality is the rarest of female merits; and most assuredly it is one not to be found in these volumes. Mrs. Trollope is a fair specimen of the style in which a European opinion is formed, and a judgment pronounced, on America. An individual who has talked about liberty (and it is amazing how soon we can talk ourselves into a fever)—dreamed dreams of equality—and is theoretic about the rights of man and of woman—sets off for America, expecting to find it a complete Utopia. Of course these expectations—like all air-castles, of which imagination, not reason, is the architect—are disappointed; and then off flies the castle-builder to the other extreme, and can see no advantages, and make no allowances. This is precisely Mrs. Trollepe's case. We can well imagine an English lady, accustomed to all the refinements and comforts of an English home, extremely annoyed at the wants, the privations, the disagreeables, she must necessarily have endured in a remote American settlement; but we maintain that these have taken an undue hold upon the mind, when they blind her to the energy, the industry, the improvement, going on rapidly on every side. And we must own it is not such a crime in our eyes as it is in hers, that the small American farmer and his family breakfast on beefsteaks and onions.—Why, it is not so very long ago since our own Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory, and all her maids of honour, did the same. The life of the Transatlantic agriculturist is no flute-playing, sheep-shearing, pastoral dream of rural delights; on a life of constant and hard labour; and accordingly come before hers. Our own standard of habit and enjoyment is a fair criterion for that of others.—But we will quote a passage to illustrate our meaning.

"We visited one farm which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back door opened against the hill-side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A notable field of Indian corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs and chickens innumerable. Immediately before the house was a small potato-garden, with a few peach and apple-trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactered all the soap and candles they used and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whisky, and she could get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market.' They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in 'the fall;' but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, 'This strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another *human* that does not belong to the family.' I have been minute in the description of this forest farm, as I think it the best specimen I saw of the back-wood's independence, of which so much is said in America. These people were indeed independent, Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they eat and drink abundantly; but yet it seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village-bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones—religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them beneath the nearest tree: he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then they pay neither taxes nor tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsy, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, 'God save the king!'"

Now, the miseries so pathetically set forth in the concluding passages are purely imaginative: that to which people have never been accustomed, they cannot miss: and the small fact of not being buried in a churchyard, is scarcely an overwhelming balance against a life of exertion and of independence. The following statement relative to American literature is a striking instance of the unfair bias which our author allows her prepossession against the Americans to give to her statements:—

"They are great novel readers, but the market is chiefly furnished by England. They have, however, a few very good native novels. Mr. Flint's 'Francis Berrian' is delightful. There is a vigour and freshness in his writing that is exactly in accordance with what one looks for in the literature of a new country; and yet, strange to say, it is exactly what is most wanting in that of America. It appeared to me that the style of their imaginative compositions was almost always affected and inflated. Even in treating their great national subject of romance, the Indians, they are seldom either powerful or original. A few well-known general features, moral and physical, are presented over and over again in all their Indian stories, till in reading them you lose all sense of individual character. Mr. Flint's 'History of the Mississippi Valley' is a work of great interest, and information, and will, I hope, in time, find its way to England, where I think it is much more likely to be appreciated than in America. Dr. Channing is a writer too well known in England to require my testimony to his great ability. As a preacher, he has, perhaps, hardly a rival any where. This gentleman is a Unitarian: and I was informed by several persons well acquainted with the literary characters of the country, that nearly all their distinguished men were of this persuasion. Mr. Pierpoint is a very eloquent preacher and a sweet poet. His works are not so well known among us as they ought to be. Mr. Everett has written some beautiful lines; and if I may judge from the specimens of his speeches, as preserved in the volumes entitled 'Eloquence of the United States,' I should say that he shone more as a poet than an orator. But American fame has decided otherwise. Mr. M. Flint, of Louisiana, has published a volume of poems which ought to be naturalised here. Mr. Hellock, of New York, has much facility of versification, and is greatly in fashion as a drawing-room poet; but I think he has somewhat too much respect for himself, and too little for his readers. It is, I think, Mr. Bryant who ranks highest as the poet of the Union. This is too lofty an eminence for me to attack; besides, 'I am of another parish,' and therefore, perhaps, no very fair judge. From miscellaneous poetry I made a great many extracts; but upon returning to them for transcription, I thought that ill-nature and dullness, ('ob ill-matched pair!) would be more served by their insertion than wholesome criticism."

Now, we must take up the defence of what is here so sneeringly and unjustly attacked. We pity Mrs. Trollope's taste that could select nothing amid the beautiful fugitive poetry that crowds the American papers and annuals; in our humble judgment, both the mass of the poetry and tales they have contained would gain by comparison with the best of our own. Bryant's reputation is at this very moment being warmly acknowledged among us; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the slight volume now lying by us by Mr. Halleck, contains poetry of the highest and most vigorous order: we need only instance his noble poem on the 'Grave of Robert Burns:' by the by, his name in the work before us is misprinted Hallock. The good sense and feeling, the desire of excellence, and the information contained in the juvenile tales which have been republished in this country, have left on our minds a very favorable impression of the rising style of American literature.—'How can we reason but from what we know?' Our own knowledge enables us to convict Mrs. Trollope of prejudice respecting literature, and it is but fair to conclude that she may be mistaken in other matters. Four grand complaints are what she urges against American society. First, their habit of spitting: now that we really do not undertake to defend, but recommend them to abandon as rapidly as possible; merely observing, that they are not the only people against whom such a charge may be brought. Secondly, their love of ardent spirits: to this certainly worst among vices they are themselves applying a remedy—the decrease in the sale of whiskey, &c. since the establishment of the Temperance Societies, has, been quite unexampled. Thirdly, their boastful arrogance: this, we do own, 'is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance;' still, it must be confessed, an American has much to be proud of in his country; though decrying the merits of every other is not the most ready method to get those of his own acknowledged. Fourthly, the want of grace and courtesy in their general demeanor: of all faults, this is one to which time will bring the most certain remedy; politeness is only another word for restraint; and in proportion as the relations of society become narrower, that restraint will be imposed—every one feels the necessity of giving way in a crowd. The impression left on us by this work is, that Mrs. Trollope has never been in the best of American society; now, we ask, what impression would be given of English manners by a stranger who went from remote village to village, or from boarding-house to boarding-house? We think much more highly of Mrs. Trollope's talents than we do of her work; she is evidently a clever, well-informed, lively woman, but one carried away by impulse, and, in this instance, led to take a harsher view in consequence of having set out on her crusade with inflamed notions of republican perfection, and excited expectations of finding what the surface of the globe cannot shew. We therefore, read the laughable caricatures which fill her pages with much the same feeling as we do those in Anstey's *Bath Guide*, or the *Fudge Family in Paris*.

Conversation.—'I will give the minutes of a conversation which I once set down after one of their visits, as a specimen of their tone and manner of speaking and thinking. My visitor was a milkman. 'Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here, I guess.' 'I hope I shall see many.' 'That's a fact. I expect your little place of an island don't grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here?' 'It grows no corn at all, sir.' 'Possible! no wonder, then, that we reads such awful stories in the papers of your poor people being starved to death.' We have wheat, however.' 'Ay, for your rich folks; but I calculate the poor seldom gets a belly full.' 'You have certainly much greater abundance here.' 'I expect so. Why, they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your king George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't be?' 'I do not remember hearing of such a transaction.' 'I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ours, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes.' 'You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers.' 'And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we give offices to, does their duty, and give themselves no airs?' 'But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics.' 'The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country! Why, what's the smoothness of a road, put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress speaks handsome and straight, as we choose they should?' 'It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor-store to read the papers?' 'To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor; but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country."

Notions of Decorum.—'At Cincinnati there is a garden where the people go to eat ices and to look at roses. For the preservation of the flowers, there is placed at the end of one of the walks a sign-post sort of daub, representing a Swiss peasant girl, holding in her hand a scroll, requesting that the roses might not be gathered. Unhappily for the artist, or for the proprietor, or for both, the petticoat of this figure was so short as to shew her ancles. The ladies saw, and coddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor, that if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoat of this figure lengthened. The affrighted purveyor of ices sent off an express for the artist and his paint-pot. He came, but unluckily not provided with any colour that would match the petticoat; the necessity, however, was too urgent for delay, and a flounce of blue was added to the petticoat of red, giving bright and shining evidence before all men of the immaculate delicacy of the Cincinnati ladies.'

ENGLISH NATIONAL FAST.

Wednesday, about ten o'clock, a large body of constables, under the superintendence of Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, were stationed near the outer doors of the two houses of parliament, and formed into two lines to keep the road clear to St Margaret's Church and to the Abbey.

House of Lords.—At a few minutes to twelve o'clock the house met. It was remarked as extraordinary that upon such an occasion a very few peers were present. At twelve o'clock their lordships left the house and proceeded to the Abbey in the following order:—

Mr. Lee, High Constable.
Beadles of the Abbey.
Marshals of the House in uniforms.
The Lord Chancellor's Private Secretary and Secretary of Bankrupts.
The Mace and Purse Bearers.
The Lord Chancellor.
The Archbishops of Canterbury and York.
Ten Bishops two and two.
About twenty Peers, two and two.
Clerks of the House.

The mildness of the day, coupled with the novelty of the spectacle—there having been no such procession for many years—drew together an unusual, though elegant mob; and the rush after their lordships in Foot's Corner was so alarming that many of the fairer sex were compelled to retire from the tumultuous scene. Persons not acquainted with the practice of the Established Church upon such occasions as the present were much disappointed at finding that her choristers were dispensed with, and that her organ was mute; and the performance of the service was with difficulty heard amid the buzzing and restlessness of the assembly.

Soon after one o'clock the Bishop of Chichester ascended the pulpit, and, having prayed, took his text from Isaiah xxvi. 9.—"With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me, will I seek Thee early; for when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

House of Commons.—At eleven o'clock the Speaker entered the House of Commons, and took his seat at the table. In a few minutes afterwards he rose, and, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, the clerks, and other officers of the House, and the members present, to the number of about 60, went in procession to St. Margaret's church, preceded by Mr. Lee and the beadles of the parish. Having taken their seats, the Rev. the Dean of Rippon read the morning service; after which the Rev. Dr. Allen, Vicar of Battersea, preached a sermon. The Rev. gentleman selected for his text the 1st chapter of the 1st book of Peter, and the 1st verse:—"Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you;" and, after a most impressive sermon, a collection was made at the doors for the relief of the poor, which amounted to 100*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* The seats of the galleries of the church were reserved for the families of the members of parliament, and were crowded almost to suffocation.—*London paper, Mar.* 26.

THE MATERIAL WORLD.

"If the material world had been one uniform homogeneous mass, its eternal existence would have been always a possibility. It would then not have contained any evidence in itself to contradict the supposition. But the actual fact is, that all visible nature is a multifarious association of very compounded substances. Nothing is simple—nothing is uncompounded. Every thing we see, feel, or handle, is a composition, a mixture or union of more particles or of more elements than one. Not merely the grosser earthly bodies are so, but even the water, the air, and the light, are in this compounded state. Now, it is impossible that any compound can have been eternally a compound. Composition and eternity are as incompatible, as to be and not to be. The particles of which compounds consist, must have been in some other state before they were compounded together. The single condition of the elements must have preceded their union in the composition; and thus it is physically impossible that a compound can have been eternal. The school-boy perceives at once that his plum-cake cannot have been eternal. The plums, the flour, the butter, the eggs and the sugar, of which it is composed, must have been in some other places and state, before they were brought together to make the substance which gratifies him. So the mighty World we live on, the rocks, the mountains, the minerals—so every substance around us, animate and inanimate,—cannot have been eternal, because every one is a combination of numerous particles, usually very heterogeneous, and the primary elements of each must have been in their elementary state, and in some other position, before they moved and joined into their compound one. * *

"The annual circuit, or a year, which is the completed orbit of the earth round this luminary, could not take place without a sun; but a day requires the existence and revolving motion of the earth alone. This is mentioned by Moses as beginning before the

sun was made the centre of our astronomical system. As this fact denotes the diurnal movement to be distinct from the sun, and independent of it, it is another instance of the correctness of the Mosaic account. The first rotation of the earth round its own axis made the interval of the first day, and each subsequent revolution constituted the several days which succeeded. Our planet might cease to turn round in this diurnal continuity, and might yet circle round the sun in its yearly course. The moon moves in this way about our earth; for it has no rotatory motion. The cause of our earth's revolving round its axis, is quite distinct from the double and mutually counteracting forces which produce its annual orbit. Physics have not discovered, nor can rational conjecture assign, any reason for the diurnal rotation, except the commanding will and exerted power of the divine Creator."—*Turner's Sac. His.*

CHARACTER OF FISHES.

"The general character of fish is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociality, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonising together, without any general display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose, when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on; but we have no malice, or ill-will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potato. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on the molluscæ, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them, as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscæ, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrated animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. *If some* species of fish are always eating, which is not *by any* means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the graminivorous quadrupeds, who pass their day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication, for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil, though ever-eating cow, who takes 100 lbs. of grass in a day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that however it may be with some particular classes, or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. 'The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment.' Even the pike, which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach; an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence; for the herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea-caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent naturalist, which will lead him to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance. * * * *

"The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence, is impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale 'pursues no other animal; leads an inoffensive life; and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief.' The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oronooko manati, which has been found so huge in bulk, that twenty-seven men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chiefs of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same mild, playful, animated and unoffending beings; and have been so designed and organised, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament."—*ib.*

COMETS.

"If we knew their uses in our system, we could form more probable conjectures as to the chronology of their creation. They have been noticed from the earliest era of astronomical history; and if our modern philosophers had not discovered that some, at least, leave us to return again into our system, and therefore describe a vast elliptical orbit round our sun we might have fancied that the periods of their first recorded appearances in our field of science were the eras of their individual formation. But their recurring presence proves that their first existence ascends into unexplored and unrecorded antiquity. Yet from whence they come to us, we as little know as for what purpose. Tycho Brahe proved that they were farther from the earth than the moon, and were nearly as distant as the planets. The comet of 1682 reappeared in 1759, having in the interval described an orbit like an ellipsis, answering to a revolution of 27,937 days. It will therefore reappear in November, 1835, or four years hence. In its greatest distance, it is supposed not to go above twice as far as Uranus. This is indeed a prodigious sweep of space; and it has been justly observed, that the vast distance to which some comets roam, proves how very far the attraction of the sun extends; for though they extend themselves to such depths in the abyss of space, yet, by virtue of the solar power, they return into its effulgence. But it has been recently discovered that three comets at least never leave the planetary system. One, whose period is three years and a quarter, is included within the orb of Jupiter; another, of six years and three quarters, extends not so far as Saturn; and another, of twenty years, is found not to pass beyond the orbit of Uranus."—*ib.*

SERPENTS.

"It has been ascertained that the oviparous serpents contain those species which are harmless and inoffensive. Even the oviparous vipers have no fangs, and possess no venom. 'They only offer to our consideration agile movements, elegant and light proportions, and soft or brilliant colours. The more we are familiarised to them, the more we shall be pleased to meet with them in our woods, our fields, and our gardens. They cannot disturb the pleasures of our rural habitations; but they may increase our enjoyments, by the beauty of their tints, and the vivacity of their motions. They are an addition to the ornaments of the fields; and help, with the other animated beings, to embellish the vast and magnificent theatre of vernal nature.' The green and yellow viper may be seized without risk; and, after being taken, it becomes docile, and can in a great degree be domesticated and made amusive. Though in its natural state, it will, if interrupted, erect itself and hiss, either with anger or fear, yet it does no harm. It has been known to exhibit attachment and affectionate feelings to its human friends. The Roman or Esculapian viper is as mild and tractable. The lady viper unites the same attractive temper with a superior beauty of form and colour. The boiga has a still more magnificent appearance, with the same acquiescing gentleness, and with an attempt at a musical intonation of the serpentine hiss."—*ib.*

THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

MR. VAN BUREN.—*St. James's Palace March 22.*—This day Martin Van Buren, Esq. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America had audience of leave of His Majesty, on his recall.

To which he was introduced by Lord Viscount Palmerston, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, Knight Master of the Ceremonies.

March 26.—Yesterday afternoon the following personages arrived at the Castle on a visit to their Majesties, Earl How, Lord Palmerston, Sir Philip and Lady Sidney, Mr. Vaughan our Minister to America, and Mr. Van Buren, the American Minister. The whole of whom had the honor of dining with the King.

Lord Howe, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Vaughan, the Earl and Countess of Mayo, and Sir Philip and Lady Sidney, continue their visit to their Majesties. The King's double bodied phaeton, with the usual *atelage* of four beautiful bay horses were in attendance at the Castle this afternoon, when his Majesty accompanied by Mr. Van Buren, Lord Mayo, and Lady Kennedy Erkine, took an airing in the Great Park, followed by Prince George of Cambridge, Sir Philip Sidney and the Rev. Mr. Wood on horseback.—*Morn. Herald.*

We understand that the departure of Mr. Van Buren, the North American Minister, is fixed for Saturday next, when he will proceed to Portsmouth for the purpose of embarking for the United States, having been recalled by his Government. Mr. Van Buren had just taken possession of a mansion in Stratford Place, and fitted it up for the embassy, when information reached him that the Legislative Assembly of the United States had refused to ratify his appointment in the room of Mr. M'Lane, by a majority of only one vote; and he accordingly proceeded to make final arrangements for quitting the country. His Excellency had an audience of his Majesty on Thursday, to take leave.—*ib.*

A retort courteous.—When Mr. Orme, the historian of India, presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, being asked by Mr. Orme of what *profession his father was*, Davidson replied that he was a saddler. "And pray," said he, "why did he not make you a saddler?" I was always whimsical, said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune, as you have done, in the East India Company's service. "But, pray, Sir," continued he, "what profession was your father?" "My father," answered the historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why," retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, "did he not breed you up a gentleman?"

From the New England Magazine.

THE COMET.

The Comet! he is on his way,
And singing as he flies,
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies.
Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,—
Ten million cubic miles of head!
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left or right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what will happen to the land,
And happen to the sea,
If, in the bearded devil's path,
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea should boil,
Full red the forests gleam—
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream; the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I looked,—his curious organ rolled
Like a long-perished clam,
I listened,—all I heard him say
Was "parallax" and "d—mn."

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub;
I read upon the warping back
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn
Although his brain was fried:
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw a pillow and a cur—
He silently drew near,
And snatched from off the blackened frost,
His master's broiling ear;
I saw a beggar and a wolf;
Each watched the other's eye;
Each fainted for his morning meal,
And both were loath to die.

I saw a roasting pullet brood
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that cropped the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays;
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze.
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags
Bob through the bubbling waves;
I listened, and I heard the dead
All simmering in their graves!

Strange sights! strange sounds! O ghastly dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if o'er thy slumbering couch
Such fearful visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep. O.W. H.

A Reverend Suicide.—One of the most singular suicides on record is that of an Abbe Rousseau, an ecclesiastic aged twenty-two, who lived by teaching a few pupils, and sometimes amused himself by writing verses. In May, 1784, he dined at an eating house in the Palais Royal, at Paris, and, after a copious meal, he asked for paper, pen and ink, as if to write a letter, and was shown to a small room. Soon after, the report of a pistol was heard and he was found dead. On the table was the following notice: "The inconceivable contrast between the elevation of my sentiments and the lowness of my birth, a love, violent and insurmountable for an adorable girl, the fear of causing her dishonor, the necessity of choosing between crime and death, all determine me to quit life. I was born to be virtuous; I was about to be criminal—death is preferable." The object of this violent passion was a young lady, the sister of one of his pupils, and who was rather inclined to favor him, but whom, as an ecclesiastic, he could not marry.—*London Courier.*

Mansion House.—A soot-begrimmed professor of the art and mystery of chimney-sweeping, who gave his name Horatio Burgoyne, was charged by a woman named Hanson with having assaulted her, first with his fist, and then finishing the matter more leisurely with his foot. In corroboration of her statement she called Mr. Hanson, her husband, who declared—"First and foremost, he blowed the candle out of my hand, and then cotch'd my vife a precious vhack on von side of her head vich knocked her backerds, and arterwards he kicked her legs most marcifully." Mr. Hanson further declared that the defendant was an astonishing genius at his profession, and he would back him at crooked chimney work against the world. He had lately lost some soot and other valuable articles out of his cellar, but he declined saying anything on that point.

"Please yer Vership," said Burgoyne, "this here's all along o' my missus, who obleeges me to call her missus, though she ar'nt no missus of mine. Last night, at half arter nine, just ven ve'd made ourselves up a comfutable bed vith the sut sacks and sitch like, I goes up to missus, though she ar'nt no missus, and sis—Don't you think to go for to do us out of our suppers as you did last night. Vell, she makes arnser and sis—'You be blowed, you sha'nt ha' none.' I then got vexed and sarved her out. Here I've been 18 years in the trade and have always yarn'd a respectable livelywood till missus came, who ar'nt no missus. She starves us to give the wittles to her Hirish pals, and ven I axes her at dinner for a bit more, she gives me von tater and a bit of meat as is if no use, while master used always to cut me off a bellyfull; but its all along because I won't call her missus."

Mr. Alderman Wilson—Well, why don't you call her missus?

Burgoyne—She arn't no missus. She is only master's hooman, and it goes a rain my conscience to call her missus ven she's a conkerbine. (Laughter.)

The beadle came forward, and said that the house used to be once well conducted, but of late there had been such repeated disturbances that the parish had resolved to get rid of the whole of them. It was in vain for him to go into the house, when a riot occurred, to take them into custody, for they all escaped up the chimney. Upon the promise of the defendant to seek another situation, the magistrate consented to dismiss the case.—*London paper.*

Prohibition of Wine by Mahomet.—The causes which led to the prohibition of wine by Mahomet, have been variously stated. The Sieur de Ryer, in his life of this celebrated imposter, but in many points of view judicious legislator, says, that in the fourth year of Hegira, while the army of Mahomet was engaged in expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, some of his principal followers betaking themselves to play and drink, in the heat of their cups began to quarrel, and raised such disturbances among his people, that they had like to come to an open rupture, by which the overthrow of all his ambitious projects was endangered. To prevent the occurrence of similar mischief in future, he forbade the use of wine and all games of chance for ever. To give to this prohibition a greater degree of importance, and to increase its influence over his ignorant followers, he supported it by the authority of a fable. Two angels, called Arut and Marut, were, he said, sent down in ancient times from heaven, to administer and teach to men righteousness throughout the district of Babylon. A certain woman came unto them for justice, and invited them to sup with her, on which occasion she set wine before them, which Alla had forbidden them to drink. But the pleasantness of the liquor tempting them to transgress the divine command, they partook of it, and becoming drunk enticed the woman to sin. She resisted, however, conditioning that one of them should first carry her into heaven and the other bring her back. But when the woman got to heaven, she refused to return, and declared unto Alla the whole affair; who, as a reward for her virtuous resolutions, made her the morning star. To the wicked angels was given the choice either to be punished for their wickedness now, or to suffer for it hereafter. They chose the former, and were accordingly hung up by the feet, near an iron gate, in a certain pit not far from Babylon, where they are to continue until the day of judgment: and because of its leading these angels into sin, Alla directed his prophet to forbid the use of wine to all his servants for ever.

Dr. Johnson.—Two young ladies who were warm admirers of his works, asked permission to see him. One of them repeated before him a speech of considerable length prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, and when the speaker had finished, she panted for the idol's reply. What was her mortification when all he said was—'*Fiddle de-dee*, my dear.'

THE CHOLERA.

London, March 29.—Remaining at last report, 212; new cases, 91; dead, 45; recovered, 32; remaining, 226. Total cases, 1665; deaths, 881.

Dublin.—The Dublin Evening Post of Tuesday last, announces that the cholera has broken out in Dublin. Five cases have occurred in the vicinity of Summer-hill, four of which have terminated fatally, and are exhibiting the most marked and virulent features of the malady.—The Morning Register of Wednesday confirms the intelligence, and states that government had caused the Richmond Penitentiary to be fitted up for the reception of patients, provided with necessaries and medical advice, and made other preparations for the relief of the poor who might be afflicted with the disease. The names of the persons who died were John Clarke, his wife, and Catharine Monks, a char-woman who washed his dead body. The wife had indulged in drinking whiskey after Clarke's death, and no doubt her fate was precipitated by it, as she died after only nine or ten hours' illness. The Board of Health do not appear to have published any report on the subject.

Belfast.—No additional cases have occurred in Belfast, which is at present perfectly free from the disease. There have been in all only five cases, and three deaths.

Edinburgh.—There have been 9 cases and 7 deaths since Saturday, making the total cases 50, and deaths 29. The towns eastward of Edinburgh, have ceased to issue reports, and are now reckoned clear of cholera. At the Water of Leith 4 cases and 1 death have occurred since our last; and 7 cases and 4 deaths at Canonmills. In this city and its environs together there have been in the last four days, 21 cases and 12 deaths, a greater number than in any previous term of the same length.—*Scotsman.*

Glasgow, &c.—During last week cases of this disease have occurred very generally in all parts of Glasgow. The mean daily number of persons attacked since the 12th February, when it when it first appeared, amounts to about eleven, and the ratio of mortality to from 50 to 55 per cent.—*Glasgow*, March 27, new cases, 30; dead, 15; recovered, 15; remaining. 58 Total cases, 554; deaths, 276; cures, 220.—*Paisley*, March 27, new cases, 4; died 2; remaining. 11. Total cases, 288; deaths, 164; recovered, 113.—*Greenock*, cases remaining, 6. Total cases, 50; deaths, 24; cures, 20.—The disease has appeared at Rothsay, Anderston, &c.

Total cases in the United Kingdom since the commencement, 8707; total deaths, 3160.

CHOLERA IN FRANCE.

Paris, March 28, 4 o'clock.—There is now no doubt of the *cholera* being in this city. Ten persons have been already to the Hotel Dieu, where preparations are made for the reception of many more. Seven persons died of it yesterday; among whom was the cook of Marshal Lobau. The autopsy of five bodies took place in the presence of 38 medical men and of the Minister of the Public Works, M. d'Argout, by whom no doubt is entertained of the existence of the malady. The Government, in order to prevent the extension of the alarm necessarily consequent on the report, endeavoured this morning to contradict it, but contradiction was useless. The medical board has been assembled, in order to make all proper regulations. Some of the members of the Chamber having expressed an intention of alluding in the discussion of this day to its existence in this city, it is said that they have been requested not to give it undue publicity.

10 *o'clock at Night.*—There have been many reports circulated this day respecting the cholera, but it is beyond doubt certain that it is in Paris. According to a statement in the *Gazette de France* of this evening, the number of persons infected amounts already to 38. Ten persons have already been admitted into the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, of whom three have died. The malady rages in the most populous part of Paris, which is called the city. An official publication of the numbers, &c. is expected to-morrow.

Died, at Grant's Braes, East Lothian, on the 3d current, Mrs. *Annie Burns*, the eldest sister of our national bard, who, for nearly half a century was an inmate of the family of her excellent brother Gilbert, whose death was recorded in November, 1827. Of the family born to the poet's father, four sons and three daughters grew to man and woman's estate; and of these only two survive—Mrs. Begg, whose husband was killed by falling from his horse, and a married sister who resides in Ireland.—*Scotch paper.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 25th, George F. Duckwitz, to Miss Eliza B. Bache.

On the 25th, John C. Marsick, to Miss Sarah Daggett, of New Haven, Ct.

On the 25th, Wm. A. Burke, to Miss Caroline Matilda Sutherland.

On the 25th, Duncan McArthur, merchant of this city, to Miss Emily Parker, sister of the Rev. Mr. P.

On the 25th, Dr. Joseph Bayley, to Miss Elizabeth Cheetham.

On the 25th, Thomas Earle, to Miss Euphemia Demarest.

On the 24th, Lewis F. Bates, to Miss Susan Rich.

On the 25th, John R. Black, to Miss Phebe Hyer, of Monmouth co. N.J.

On the 26th, Harvey S. Rich, to Miss Mary Hume, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Trussell.

On the 26th, Charles H. Ducvee, to Miss Harrietta Griffith.

On the 25th, Augustus H Kranth, to Miss Hannah Berlin.

On the 28th, George Grimshaw, late of England, to Miss Susan Terriere.

On the 28th, Robert D. Weeks, to Miss Harriet T. Strong.

On the 26th, Seth Matthews, of Gates co. N.C. to Miss Margaret Stewart.

On the 26th, Henry S. Ackerley, to Miss Phebe Ackerley.

At Brooklyn, Joseph Gasin, of this city, to Miss Sarah Rogers.

At Springfield, N.J. Timothy C. Connor, merchant of this city, to Miss Harriet E. Bailey.

At Philadelphia, Edward H. Gillilan, Esq. of the house of Sherman & Gillilan, of New York, to Miss Eliza S. Davis.

DIED,

In this city, on the 25th, Peter Van Dusen, aged 36 years.

On the 25th, [illegible] Buchanan, a native of Scotland, aged 61.

On the 26th, Mrs. M[illegible] Conger, wife of Sylvester H. Mills.

On the 26th, Mrs. Hannah [illegible]ine, relict of the late Thomas Braine, Esq.

On the 27th, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Luther Anthony, aged 27.

On the 26th, Miss Ann Marselis, daughter of Theophilus Marselis, aged 44.

On the 25th, Joseph Barnes, aged 30.

On the 28th, Mrs. Antoinette Davenport, wife of Rufus Davenport, Esq.

On the 29th, Miss Amanda Lois, daughter of Colonel Stillman Lincoln, formerly of Dorchester, Mass. aged 18 years.

On the 28th, Peter Dempsey, Esq. aged 43.

On the 29th, Joseph Leonard, aged 23.

On the 29th, John Archer, formerly of Orange county, aged 50.

At Augusta, Ga. Wm. Slosson, Esq. of this city, in the 53d year of his age.

At Washington City, Joseph Sherrill, Esq. of the General Post Office, and late of Ithaca, N.Y.

At Wappinger's Creek, Miss Phebe Mesier, daughter of the late Peter Mesier, aged 43.

On her passage from Wilmington, Del. to New York, Mrs. Sophia Linens, aged 32.

At Philadelphia, Margaret M. Collins, wife of Isaac Collins, aged 40.

At Washington, Mrs. Mary McCombs, wife of the Rev. Lawrence McCombs.

At Camden, S.C. Col. John Taylor, formerly a Senator in Congress, and subsequently Governor of South Carolina.

At Woodstock, Vt. Professor Fay Edgerton, of Utica High School.

At Montreal, Joseph McGillivray, Esq. of the Hudson Bay Company, aged 42.

Mrs. Hagner's celebrated

VEGETABLE PANACEA, & ANODINE SALVE,

FOR the cure of king's evil, salt rheum, white swelling, obstinate ulcers, affections of the skin arising from an impure state of the blood, affections of the liver, and many other diseases that baffle the skill of the physician. This medicine has excelled any other before the public, and never in one instance been known to fail when it has been fairly tested, and no disease been known to return when once cured with this medicine. Sold by the proprietor, at No. 22 Sixth-street, near the Sixth Avenue. Price, $2 per bottle, or $20 per dozen. Salve, 50 cents per box.

Advice given gratis. Attendance from 2 to 6 o'clock P.M. Certificates may be seen by applying to the proprietor, one of which is hereunto annexed:

This is to certify that I was afflicted with the king's evil for fourteen years, I applied to a number of physicians, I took Swaim's Panacea, all to no purpose. I bought the above medicine and it made a perfect cure. I have been well ever since 1824. PHEBY BAILY.

N.York, May 1, 1832. No. 100 Mott-st. N.Y.

MINERVA PILLS, Anti-Syphilitic and Aromatic Balsam for Gonorrhœa.—The above medicines are so universally known for safely and radically curing venereal affections, that it may be useless to say that they have never been known to fail. One box has always been found sufficient, and no alteration of diet or usual habits of life required, thus defying suspicion or discovery. Accompanying directions in English, French and Spanish. For sale by the proprietor's agent, NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.

may 5. 38 Cedar, corner of William st.

WANTED, as an apprentice to the drug business, a smart active lad, from 14 to 16 years of age. Apply at the corner of Cedar and William sts.

N. B. GRAHAM.

THE GENUINE HARLEM OIL.

JUST received, a new importation of this pure and genuine article, which is offered for sale at wholesale and retail by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

may 5. 377 Broadway.

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

CONSTANTLY kept on hand, a supply of this superior article in its genuine state, at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

may 5. 377 Broadway.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

PREMIUM,—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York."

PEMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorruptible!* and with their *color*, retain their *form*, *solidity*, *durability*, *polish*, *strength* and *beauty*, to the latest period of human existence. In point of *economy*, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting: and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor *any other relative*, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past, *No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.*

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,

AND

EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,

AND IMPORTER OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

SYLVESTER. 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 13 for 1832, drawn May 2—18 27 45 38 42 36 39 26 29 56.

Sylvester respectfully acquaints his patrons that he has again actually sold the capital, in the lottery drawn in this city last Wednesday—viz. comb 14 26 52, the $30,000 prize, it was sold to a young married couple, and it was only last Saturday Sylvester paid the $30,000 capital. No other vender ever had such success.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

May 9—Class 14, known as Sylvester's lottery, from the fact of his always selling the $10,000 prizes; there are 3 of $10,000.....$5

May 16—Class 15, $16,000, 5,000, &c.....$5

Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE.

JAMES L. HOWE, 404 Broadway, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the favours he has received, and takes this opportunity to inform them that he has now on hand a new and splendid assortment of *Hats* and *Caps*, of the latest fashions, which he will sell on reasonable terms. april 7.

FINE

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

(Principally for Booksellers,)

Wholesale and Retail,

By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

EXTRAORDINARY TUITION ON THE FLUTE, PIANO, GUITAR, VIOLIN, &c.

BY GOWARD.

N.B.—The Gamut and Two Tunes taught in One Hour!

WALK IN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! at 37½ Grand-street, any day from 9 to 3, and Mr. GOWARD, the "celebrated teacher of music, penmanship, &c." will teach you (*for no charge*) to play by note two beautiful airs, the gamut and rudiments, all in the unheard of short space of ONE HOUR, so that by a very little practice by yourself you can play hundreds of pretty airs, to your own great amusement and the admiration of the ladies. Who can for such a trifling amount of time and money deny themselves the sweets of music? *Answer.*—Those who are *dead* to the improvements of this age—those who doubt without reason—those who *take pleasure* in scorning and putting down improvements in the Fine Arts by neglect, falsehoods, sneers, the press, or otherwise. But Mr. G. is happy to say that so long as his system is approved of by his studious pupils, so long will he disregard all that can be said by those who are *not his pupils*, and are consequently *useful* to judge. april 28.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N.Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar.3. P. BYRNE.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes*, *Dressing Cases*, *Writing Desks*, *Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books*, *Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

PREMIUM TRUSS.

THE subscriber, Inventor and proprietor of the HIGHLY IMPROVED American Graduated and Permanent Adjusted TRUSS, for which a PREMIUM was awarded at the late Grand Fair of the American Institute, has removed his office to No. 1 Ann street, opposite the American Museum, where he will be pleased to supply persons afflicted with RUPTURE, Druggists and Physicians, with this new Instrument. The high character it has acquired in the short time it has been before the public is a sure test of its utility. Many of the most eminent Surgeons have given their unbiassed testimony in its favour. The most desperate cases have been relieved by it, and in fact all who have used it are convinced of its excellence.

Several of the oldest and most skillful mechanics in this city have minutely examined and compared it with "Dr. Hull's Truss," and have unhesitatingly given their certificates and affidavits that "the two Trusses bear no mechanical resemblance whatever to each other, but are as widely different as such instruments can possibly be."

Will the public be pleased to consider the malicious insinuations and gratuitous interference of "Dr. Hull" with the subscriber and his Truss as unworthy their notice, and examine for themselves "for seeing is believing, and feeling, the naked truth."

All orders promptly attended to.

A. SHERMAN,

April 9 No. 1 Ann street